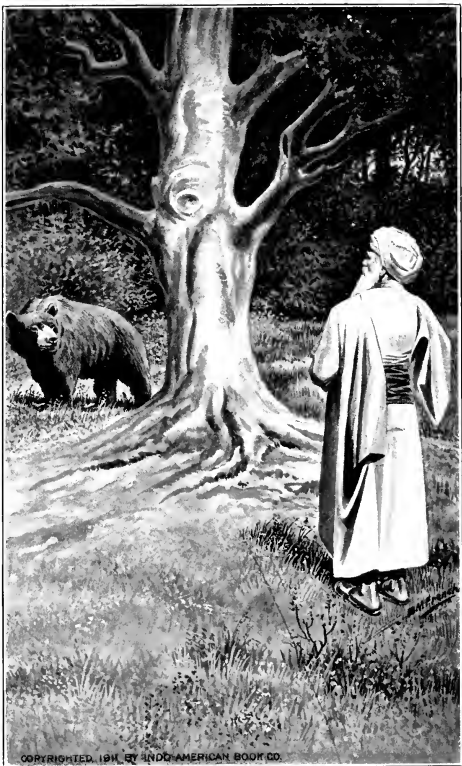


The Reality
of Matter

THE REALITY OF MATTER



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THE REALITY OF THE FUTURE

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A Member of The Assoc. of the S. Sea. - 1894

Republished in book form as *Report of the
 Priests of the Society of Jesus in the Province of
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 San Francisco, 1881.


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THE REALITY OF MATTER

*A Critical Correspondence Between
Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph.D. of Columbia University
and
A Member of The Order of The Brotherhood of India*

*Republished in book form at request of Students and
Friends of The Great Work, for the benefit of those
who are confused by the fundamental teach-
ings of Christian Science and other
Cults and Schools of Mental
Therapeutics*



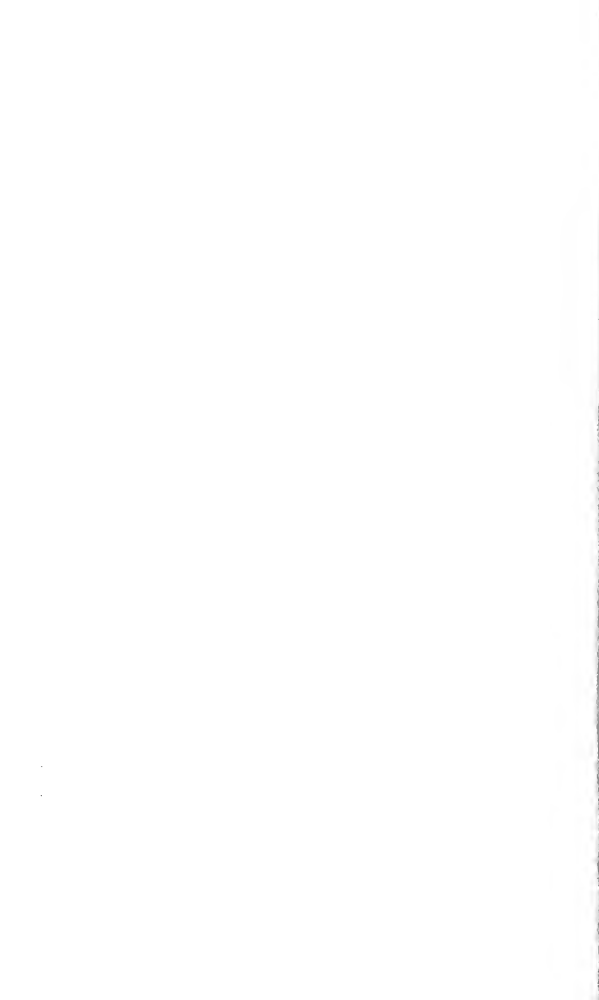
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**Addressed to
The Students and Friends of
The Great Work**



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PRELUDE

During 1894-5 there appeared in "*The Arena*" magazine, of Boston, a series of articles over the name of "Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D."

These articles covered a wide range of subject matter, and purported to be the results of the personal travels of their author throughout Old India, and of his personal experiences among the Orientals and of his personal studies of Indian Philosophy, Religion and Science at first hand among the people.

The chain of incidents and circumstances in this country leading up to the publication of these articles gave to them a special setting which had the effect of creating the most intense and wide-spread interest, not alone in America, but throughout the civilized world.

The first of these articles appeared in

print just about the close of the great "Congress of Religions" which constituted one of the most interesting educational phases of "The World's Columbian Exposition", held in Chicago during the summer and autumn of 1893.

The able and interesting manner in which the Delegates from the Orient, to that Congress, had represented the Religions and Philosophies of Old India and introduced them to our Western Students, for an unbiased consideration and comparison, had fixed the attention of our entire Western World of scientists, philosophers and thinkers, upon India as the source of religious and philosophic thought, of all ages and civilizations.

Mr. Hensoldt, therefore, chose a most propitious time and opportunity to introduce himself to the world at his own valuation, as an *authority* on the subjects covered by his series of magazine articles herein referred to. His audience included virtually the progressive student body of our Western

Hemisphere, who had been specially prepared to receive him in the spirit of generous hospitality and unquestioning confidence. And this they did whole-heartedly.

Surely this was an opportunity which comes to men not oftener than once in an average lifetime; and Mr. Hensoldt seemed specially equipped, by both native intelligence and training, to make the most of it in the interests of Truth. He is a writer of unusual ability, and possesses that subtle charm of lively idealism and personal magnetism which holds the interest and sympathy of his reader even through lofty flights of pure imagination.

But there is a delicately refined, artfully devised, and mystically attuned something in the consciousness of man that seems to act automatically at times, and when it does so it seems to have psychic eyes which look through every conceivable disguise and can differentiate fiction from fact with unerring precision.

When Mr. Hensoldt's first article ap-

peared in "*The Arena*" it created intense interest throughout the entire community. The writer of this "Prelude" was one of his most sympathetic and deeply interested readers. But long before he had finished his reading of the article there came to him the strong and definite conviction:

1. That Mr. Hensoldt had never been in India.

2. That insofar as the article purported to be an autobiographical sketch, it was a fiction pure and simple.

3. That instead of going personally to India, and there meeting the alleged great *Adept*, "Coomra Sami", and discussing with him the mysteries of Nature and of Life—as he had narrated with such a wealth of detail and interesting incident—he had only gone away into some quiet and safely obscure retreat, and there, with the aid of a vivid imagination and a few good books of "*Travels in India*" and "*Religions and Philosophies of the Orient*", had made "Coomra Sami" out of the "dust of the

Soul", blown into him the "breath of his lively imagination", pronounced him "good enough", and proceeded to "learn" from this brand-new, home-made "Adept", all the wonderful things found in the books he had been reading about India, and some other things of his own make, without admixture with Truth.

But it was all very interesting, and with few exceptions was scientifically and philosophically "true to the books"; and consequently nobody was seriously injured; the public was entertained and instructed; Mr. Hensoldt made himself a reputation and some easy money, and laid a fine foundation for a series of public lectures to follow, and for more money and a wider reputation, *ad lib.*

So strongly was the writer convinced of these things (and some others) that he was tempted to enter *The Arena* for the purpose of making a test of Mr. Hensoldt's knowledge, and the extent to which he had profited by the sublime philosophy he had

learned from the imaginary lips of his home-made "Adept,—Coomra Sami".

To that end, the writer replied to one of Mr. Hensoldt's articles wherein he had made his imaginary "Adept" say: "*There is no such thing as matter. What you call the external world is no more real than the shadow of yonder rock. The things which you seem to behold around you are simply the products of your own mind.*"

The result was the following discussion on the question of the reality or unreality of matter.

Curiously enough, after my first article was written, there came to me one day through the mails, but truly as if it had dropped from the clouds, a carefully written letter, unsigned, bearing the postmark of an out-of-the-way village in the South,—telling me that *Mr. Hensoldt had never been in India; that during the entire period covered by his alleged travels in the Orient he had been in the United States in the home of a personal friend of the writer of the letter; and that he*

had obtained all the important data for his entire series of Arena articles from the library of the party in whose home he had spent the time covered by his supposed "travels", and from books he obtained from other libraries in the South.

This mysterious letter contained much added information — or alleged information — concerning the past life and doings of Mr. Hensoldt, some of which was strangely verified soon thereafter, by educators in Columbia University, in Syracuse and elsewhere.

As will be observed in my second article, it is "suggested that doubts have been expressed as to the existence of any such man as 'Coomra Sami' and that similar doubts have been expressed as to whether Mr. Hensoldt was ever really in India," etc., and that there might be some question as to his right to use the designation "Ph. D." as evidence of his collegiate standing.

It is evident that Mr. Hensoldt knew from these gentle hints and reminders,

that he had been discovered, and that one more communication from his presumptuous critic might prove extremely embarrassing. At any rate he closed the controversy abruptly by failing to respond to my second article.

I have to confess that he showed excellent judgment in thus depriving his critic of the opportunity to give to the public a much more definite and lucid statement and exposition of the subject.

I have also to confess my disappointment in that we had but fairly gotten started in the discussion of a most interesting and fruitful subject upon which the innocent public would seem to be in great need of "More Light".

"Matter" has come to be a subject of profound interest in this Western World during recent years. This is largely due to the persistent efforts of some of our Occidental Metaphysicians, (of modern times and reckless mentalities), to *think* it out of existence, and to the persistent per-

versity with which it refuses thus to be disposed of in contravention of all the known facts and principles of Nature and the accepted rules of logic.

Because of these deplorable tendencies among presumably intelligent Scientists and Philosophers of our Western Schools of thought, it is sincerely hoped and believed that the practical philosophy of the Cartesian Bear (which will be found in the following pages) should result in a general revival of interest in the re-establishment of normal relations between Mind and Matter and Logic and Sanity in the minds of our Western Philosophers and Thinkers.

If, perchance, such should be the case, the republication, in book form, of these articles concerning the "Reality of Matter" would be most timely, and would serve a most beneficent purpose.

So mote it be!

Cordially and fraternally,
TK.

Chicago, October, 1911.



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"THERE IS NO TREE!"

OCCULT SCIENCE IN THIBET

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

Part II

The first Truth is of Sorrow. Be not mocked;
Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony
——*The Light of Asia.*

In my paper entitled "*Among the Adepts of Serinagur*", published in the January and February numbers of the *Arena*, I described how I found my way into the Vale of Kashmir and became the guest of Coomra Sami, an initiate famous throughout the Punjaub, who, with four others of the mystic brotherhood, had taken his abode in a secluded part of the upper Ser-ring Valley—now a lovely wilderness of cypress and *chenar*, abandoned to Kashmiri "cliff-dwellers" and their flocks of Angora goats; but once the site of the great city of Kanishkapura, in the palmy days of early Buddhism, when the Punjaub was the seat of learning, and the banner of the blue

lotus floated from the palace of old Kanishka.

In India there are to be found, at this day, hundreds, if not thousands, of individuals of the type of Coomra Sami, although comparatively few have risen or will rise to a degree of occult power and wisdom equal to that which he possessed. Like the hermits of the Middle Ages, these men live in austere seclusion; either in the solitude of India's great forests or in the hill country, always selecting some locality as remote as possible from the contingency of disturbance. The impenetrable jungle region along the Malabar coast of the Peninsula is full of these recluses, and they are numerous also in the hills of Mysore, in the Neilgherries, along the Nerbudda and Jumna, and even in the Rajputana Desert. Their place of abode—usually a primitive bamboo hut—is often cunningly constructed in imitation of nature, to ensure concealment or attract as little attention as possible so that even the expert hunter will often

pass by these silent retreats without in the least suspecting their presence.

In my "*Wonders of Hindoo Magic*" (see *December Arena*) I have pointed out that these recluses may be divided into various classes, and that the Yoghis and Rishis are, practically, teachers or prophets, who have a mission to perform in their own country. They have sprung from a race of people who, for fifty centuries, have subordinated matter to mind, who have succeeded in reducing their physical wants to a minimum, who are all brain (while we are all stomach), whose knowledge of the mysteries of the mind and life is far in advance of that in our possession, who have spent years in introspective brooding over this great world illusion, who have acquired a mastery of telepathy or mind reading such as we can neither understand nor appreciate, and whose knowledge of the possibilities of what we call hypnotism is far ahead of anything of which we can now even conceive.

These men, from time to time, will leave their hidden retreats in the jungle, or their mountain caverns, and suddenly appear in the cities, where at once they are surrounded by an interested crowd of spectators. A miracle of some kind is performed in broad daylight—is seen perhaps by five thousand people—then a sermon of a most impressive character is delivered. These master minds scornfully refuse money, or any sort of remuneration; their marvels have been the wonder of ages and cannot be explained unless by the theory advanced in my paper in the December *Arena*. In the middle of a street they will stand in the open day, wave their hand, and in two minutes a huge tree will appear right before the eyes of all; or they will perform the most amazing feats of levitation, such as the famous rope trick; will rise perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet and then deliberately walk through the air and disappear from sight.

By far the greatest number of India's

recluses, however, (not including the numerous sects of religious enthusiasts and Fakirs), are the adepts proper, namely, philosophers who have risen above all creeds, and who seldom, if ever, make use of the occult powers which they have acquired for the furtherance of any tangible object. These men are engaged in a process of reaching a higher level of mentality. They live in the strictest seclusion, and never go about performing feats of any sort. They have been pronounced selfish by shallow reasoners, who are apt to inquire why the adepts, instead of seeking refuge in solitude, do not go about enlightening the world and proclaiming their occult attainments from the housetops. It may be urged in reply that this latter occupation does not form part of the adept's plan; in other words, he is not preparing to become a teacher of the people; if he were to do this he could not be what he is, nor reach the lofty heights to which he aspires. There are thousands of humbler intellects who are engaged in a

process of teaching, and who have set themselves the task of warning and admonishing the masses, arousing them from their intellectual and moral torpor and bringing them to a higher level. The Yoghis and Rishis are among the foremost of these; and it cannot for a moment be asserted that there has existed at any time, or that there exists at the present moment, a lack of the teaching and prophetic element in India.

The great principle which underlies the almost endless modifications of Hindoo occultism may be embodied in the term "*abstraction*", namely, the attainment of as complete a state of introspective vision as possible, by the withdrawal of the senses of sight, hearing, touch, etc., from the external world. Perhaps it will be of advantage to the reader, if I here describe a little more fully what is meant by introspection.

Suppose a mathematician, in order to master some intricate problem, were to seek refuge within the solitude of his four walls,

and endeavor to concentrate his mind completely upon the task before him. Now, if his success depended on his power to reach complete abstraction, he would speedily discover that he was far from reaching the desired goal; although he might secure solitude, he would not be able to exclude sound, for various noises are bound to reach and attract part of his attention, in spite of the most rigid application of his will. He might seek the solitude of some forest, or retire within the most secluded cavern, yet not be able to get rid of the disturbing element of sound. Assuming, however, that all sound *were* excluded, there are impressions of sight, which are an equal, if not a greater obstacle in the path of him who would seek to attain the introspective state. A single blade of grass, if it catches the eye, will start a train of thought which may embrace a thousand subjects; a caterpillar, a grain of sand, a rain-drop, will lead the mind into a labyrinth of reflections that are more or less involuntary.

He might resort to the simple method of shutting his eyes, hoping thereby to get rid of the external world and reach the introspective state; futile effort—there still would remain the consciousness of the fact that objects of various kinds were *surrounding* him, which is a disturbing influence. Now, granting that the perceptions of sound, sight and even touch, could, for a time at least, be completely extinguished, there still would remain the memory of this or that sorrow, of frustrated hopes, of business troubles, of all the petty vexations and annoyances of life. Unless these also be completely annihilated, there can be no such thing as abstraction in the sense of the esoteric philosophy of India.

The various methods followed by the student of occultism in the far East, from the Fakeer to the greatest Adept, have only this one sole aim, namely, the attainment of a state of complete introspection. When that condition is reached, so the masters say, "The mind is a scroll upon which

nature will write". In other words, the Gnostic in that state identifies himself with the Brahm or Universal Consciousness, and partakes, in a measure, of the divine attributes of omniscience as well as omnipotence. Among certain schools of Fakeers and low-grade initiates, the practice of crystal-gazing is largely followed as a means of enforcing the introspective condition. A piece of crystal, usually polished (Japanese balls of rock-crystal, about three inches in diameter, are in common use all over India), is placed before the observer, who will seek some solitary spot and steadily gaze on the shining surface.

The reader may imitate this practice and the result will be a surprise and a revelation to him. The eye should be placed on a level with the crystal and about ten inches away from the latter; a light must be adjusted sideways, so that its image is not in the line of vision, and a piece of black cloth should be suspended behind the crystal. Within less than two minutes the Fakeer

has attained a degree of introspection, and will then behold in the mirrored surface whatever he wishes to ascertain, for instance what a certain person is doing at a certain moment. Even the past and future will become, in a measure, revealed. A little practice, two or three times a day, will enable almost any one to reach this degree of occultism, and the clearness of the images thus obtained, coupled with the correctness of the information, will be an everlasting surprise to the neophyte.

Of course, what he apparently sees in the crystal is in reality transpiring in his own mind; he has reached a degree of introspective vision, but is obliged to make use of some external, tangible object, which, for the time being, becomes his medium. A plane or concave mirror, set in a wooden frame and floated upon water, will answer the same purpose, and many Fakeers enforce the abstract condition by merely gazing into the water which they have poured into a small earthen bowl. The breathing

exercises resorted to by the so-called Hatha Yoga school of occultism have no other purpose than to identify the consciousness of the individual with that of the Brahm, and fifty pages might be filled with a description of the endless variety of methods which this school enjoins.

The true adept, however, who has attained to the highest pinnacles of esoteric wisdom, scorns to make use of these external and, to him childish, modes of introspection; he has come to recognize that the truth lies within the depth of his own consciousness, and that he can place himself in the abstract state within a few seconds by mere will-power; whereas the common Fakeer identifies the occult phenomena with the crystal, the mirror or the magic cup which he correspondingly reverences and regards with superstitious awe.

Coomra Sami was one of those high grade adepts who had come as near perfection in the line of occult wisdom as probably any Hindoo initiate from the time of the great

Sakyamuni. His power of mind-reading was perfectly marvelous; he could read my thoughts with as much ease as if he had a large-type manuscript before him, so that after a little while, I found it perfectly unnecessary to utter a single word, as he would reply to my ideas with a readiness and precision which were a constant source of wonder to me.

During the first few weeks of my stay among the adepts of Serinagur I regarded these men as very unsociable, morose and even uncivil, because they seldom uttered a word or even exchanged a greeting; it was not long, however, before I realized that, while apparently mute, these men carried on an active conversation with one another. They had simply risen above the necessity for speech.

The development of telepathy, or mind-reading, in India, as a national characteristic, is amazing; it manifests itself in the every-day life of her people and reaches its climax in the attainments of the masters

of occult wisdom on the high plateau of Thibet. The wonderful manner in which intelligence is communicated, or rather the speed with which news of an important character travels in the East, is a case in point. During the late Afghan war it invariably happened that the news of any success or disaster to the British was known all over India long before the authorities at Calcutta were officially informed; thus, for instance, the details of the battle of Maiwand were discussed in the bazaars of Calcutta four days before the news was received at headquarters, to the utter amazement of the vice-royal government. This in spite of the fact that the British had the advantage of sending dispatches by couriers down the valley of the Kabul river and through the Khyber Pass to Peshawur, and telegraphing cipher messages from there to Calcutta.

It is absurd to try to account for this on the supposition that the news will travel from mouth to mouth, as it were, and from

village to village; there are intervening mountain ranges and great deserts, villages and hamlets many miles apart, and extensive regions where scarcely any human habitation is to be met with. Besides, the Hindoos are not given much to travel, and there is little, if any, intercommunication by means of letters or messages of any sort. Why, the news of the great disaster which befell Napoleon's army at Moscow took over six weeks to reach Paris, and this at a time when postal communication was already well organized all over Europe; in India it would have been known all over the land in less than two hours, and not merely in the sense of a vague presentiment that something *had* happened, but in the shape of a distinct vision, which, although not seen by everybody, is beheld by tens of thousands who are not slow to communicate it to their fellow-men.

We have this capacity of mind-reading developed, to some slight extent, even in our Western Culture, and there is not,

perhaps, an individual of mature years and experience who has not had evidence of it. It is, for instance, a common observation that the thought of a certain person will sometimes occur to one while engaged in reading or some other occupation, without any previous train of ideas having led thereto, and that within a minute or so afterwards (often indeed at the same time) the person in question walks in. There is an overwhelming amount of evidence on record to show that these phenomena cannot be traced to mere coincidence, and the term "cerebricity" has been aptly formulated for this class of manifestations. The most plausible explanation of this mysterious phenomenon is the following, which, so far as my experience goes, is practically a part of the Esoteric knowledge of the great Masters of India and Thibet.

Thought, after all, has its origin in a molecular motion which goes on in the gray matter which lines the innumerable convolutions of the cerebrum. Not that this

gray matter *produces* thought, for the brain is merely the organ of the mind, in the same manner in which a musical instrument is the medium on which the composer expresses his feelings. Indeed, the brain may be likened to a piano, the keys of which are touched by an unseen performer namely, the ego, which is a part of the universal consciousness, and in proportion to the perfection and harmonious symmetry of that instrument will be the products of that unseen hand. The brain of the new-born babe is so poor in gray matter and convolutions that the ego can manifest itself but very feebly; as that wonderful organ develops in complexity of structure, new possibilities are added to the psychic power behind.

A poor brain is like a poor piano in the hands of an otherwise skilled performer. What, for instance, could even a Beethoven accomplish on one of the old-fashioned spinets that were in use two hundred years ago, with their three octaves and poor mechanism? It would be folly to expect

him to sway our feelings to any considerable extent on one of these. Give him, on the other hand, one of Steinway's best grand pianos, and see the melody, grandeur and harmony that will rise from the hands of such a master.

Now, if thought is a molecular motion (modern science, as we know, reduces *everything* in "nature" to motion) then each particular thought must start a wave motion, which is bound to radiate throughout space, and which, of course, must go through *all* brains. The reason why it affects only a *certain* brain, so as to produce consciousness, while leaving a thousand others indifferent, is very easily accounted for. Let the reader take a violin into a room where there is a piano and then with his bow strike a certain musical note, say G. Now if this is performed clearly and distinctly, he will be startled to observe that the same sound is given forth by the G-string of the piano. Why, of all the strings of that inverted harp, does only the G respond? Because

its vibrations coincide or harmonize with those produced in the first instance. Similarly, among all the myriad brains of the human species, only the one whose structure or complexity is such that it is capable of receiving impressions, started as wave impulses by a certain other brain, will be able to respond and experience sensations of a certain character.

During the six months of my stay among the adepts of Serinagur I made a determined, if not to say desperate effort to obtain a clew to some of their secrets. As I stated on a previous occasion, there is no such thing as a course of studies prescribed or laid down by the esoterics, which will enable the neophyte in the course of time to cast a glimpse behind the mysterious "curtain". No amount of hard work and perseverance, in the line of applied studies, would materially assist the searcher for truth; the long years of probation and the various modifications of self-denial which are usually imposed upon the neophyte by

those who hold the key to some of nature's greatest marvels have no other purpose than to test the powers of endurance and the personal character of the *chela*.

Among an intensely philosophical race like the Hindoos, there are always tens of thousands, possessed of such an intense longing to raise the curtain which hides the mysteries of time and space that the great Gnostics, even in places difficult of access, such as the Thibetan plateau, are never in want of *chelas* or disciples. Now it may be taken for granted that fully nine-tenths, if not more, of these are actuated by no other motive than that of mere curiosity on the one hand, and on the other, the desire for occult powers which will enable them more readily to attain the goal of their more or less sordid ambitions. In other words, they merely wish, for the furtherance of their own selfish schemes, to obtain control over occult forces—forces which in the hands of the unscrupulous would be a fatal power for evil. These

spurious disciples are speedily recognized by the masters, who will impose upon them such hardships that the great majority give up the pursuit in less than three weeks, and but few will stay a year or longer. Among these, again, a very small minority ultimately reach the object of their desires and are gradually initiated into the various degrees of esoteric wisdom.

I have not the slightest doubt that if I had persisted in the course of austerities that were imposed upon me by the adept, Coomra Sami, during my stay in the Vale of Kashmir, a more or less complete initiation into the secrets of the mystic brotherhood would have been attained. I have grounds for believing that the great adept had contracted a sort of friendship for me, and that he would have liked to see me become a follower of the "path", if not a member of the inner circle of the fraternity.

Often he seemed to be on the point of communicating to me some important truth, which would be likely to startle me and open

my eyes to a new and glorious revelation. But then again a species of doubt would arise in him as to the wisdom of such a course. I was young in years and as yet little tried in the vicissitudes of life, and although I am convinced that Coomra approved of my perseverance and, in his own mind, was satisfied that I was a seeker after truth for its own sake, yet I might not, after all, prove a worthy custodian of secrets which had been so jealously guarded for centuries. Indeed, I may say that nothing has more forcibly impressed me than the conscientiousness of these singular individuals with regard to the responsibility of their position as esoteric initiates, or adepts of a higher science, and their extreme hesitancy to admit outsiders, as expressed in the almost incredible precautions which they take in order to guard against a possible abuse of their precious trust.

After a residence of nearly six months at the hermitage I determined to quit; not

because my desire to raise the "curtain" had become less intense (for I had, indeed, obtained a glimpse behind it), but because I hoped to arrive at the desired goal by a sort of short cut—that is, I conceived the idea of going into Thibet and studying occultism at the very fountain-head of esoteric lore. Although this desire had been ripening in me many weeks before my actual departure, I never uttered a word, or acted as if I thought of ever quitting the incomparable "valley of roses"; yet the subtle Coomra soon detected what was going on in my mind and one day took me to task about it.

He asked me to accompany him on a walk to the hills that extended in an unbroken and endless series of cypress-clad ridges, domes and snow-crowned peaks to the north of the valley. For two hours we walked side by side, without either of us uttering a syllable, although I knew and felt that the adept was constantly reading my thoughts. We toiled up a rugged moun-

tain path strewn with enormous boulders, and were approaching an altitude of considerably over ten thousand feet. The region of the deodars was below us, and all vegetation had become stunted, when Coomra halted and pointed to the glorious landscape at our feet.

"You want to go into Thibet," he said, "because you are tired of our regime here; the idea is a laudable one, although I can tell you beforehand that you will not find there what you seek. The path lies everywhere and nowhere, and the eternal truth you must seek for within the depths of your own consciousness; there is no royal road to success, and you must climb the Himalayan heights with painful effort. *I* was once as you are now and I well remember the impatience and the madness of despair which more than once overwhelmed me, as I realized the stupendousness of the task before me; how my heart almost failed me, and how more than once I was on the point of giving up the battle. Wealth, ease,

luxury and the thousand and one delusive pleasures which hold the *bhaila* (cattle) in bondage I had abandoned, and had almost completely subdued and mastered the evil propensities—the curse of a thousand ages of animality—with which our race is afflicted. Yet, such is the demon of perversity, all-powerful through the inherited blindness and viciousness of a benighted and besotted past, that it required all the fierce determination of which I was capable to persist in the upward path. ‘Through night to light’—let this be your motto in the course of ascent. The greater the obstacles the greater the triumph; and although seclusion is to be recommended under all circumstances, yet if you are of the right calibre, you will succeed wherever you are. Go to Thibet and see the brethren, and perhaps the time will come when we may welcome you once more in the Vale of Kashmir.”

I was on the point of replying something when Coomra exclaimed: “What you have

to get rid of, in the first instance, is this fundamental delusion of *matter*. There is no such thing as matter. What you call the external world is no more real than the shadow of yonder rock. The things which you seem to behold around you are simply the products of your own mind. This truth, of course, is apt to startle you, as it has startled all the learned incapables of Frankistan who have taken great pains to prove, in bulky volumes, that the external world is real, because they can *see* objects with what they call their own eyes, touch them with their own hands and perceive sound by means of their own long ears. They forget that it is not the eye that sees, the hand that touches and the ear that hears, but the mind—or let us say the brain, because you like this term better; like all Franks you are a great believer in words that convey no meaning. The fact that you can see, hear or feel an object, does not prove its existence, but simply proves that something is going on in your mind.

“If these things were real, then it would naturally follow that we must all see them in precisely the same light, and then difference of opinion on any subject would be absolutely impossible. Yet, where will you find two human beings who hold the same views even in regard to the most trivial of matters? *Your* world is not *my* world, and mine again differs from that of everybody else; why? No two *minds* are alike and therefore no two worlds. Your world of today, young friend, is not your world of yesterday, because even since yesterday you have had new experiences, and there have been corresponding changes, however slight, in your world. Five years ago your world differed materially from the world in which you *now* live, because your mind differed; so much so, that you wonder how you could ever have entertained views which now seem to you utterly absurd. And let us go back, in imagination, to the time when you were only five years old; what a small, curious world was it which you beheld *then*!

“That there is a great general resemblance between the various worlds in which we live, move and have our being—who would deny it? Do we not all belong to the same species? Are we not all closely related, brought forth under similar conditions and brought up under similar influences? Are we not all taught in early youth to call a stone a stone, a tree a tree, and a horse a horse?

“Now, observe, that when various individuals come to describe the same object, be it stone, horse or tree, you get as many *different* stones, horses and trees as there are individuals who imagine they behold them.”

After a short pause, during which I gazed upon him as one in a dream, the adept continued: “What has brought us to these conclusions? We Hindoos are a race immeasurably older in mental culture than the one from which you have sprung; your so-called civilization is but of yesterday and you are merely engaged in an

eternal process of multiplying your wants. You have abnormally developed and stimulated the accumulative instinct, so that you have actually come to look upon life as a mere opportunity of piling up rubbish, in the shape of so-called material possessions. What, otherwise, can be the meaning of your saying that 'Time is money,' which would be apt to amuse us if it were not for the saddening thought which underlies it. I say again that what you call your glorious civilization is, and has been, nothing but a process of multiplying your wants—what are necessities now were luxuries fifty years ago—and the more the horizon of these wants extends, the more you will have to toil in order to gratify them; you will have to devote an ever-increasing part of your life to the procuring of the means wherewith to gratify artificial wants; you are, indeed, slaves of your wants, for each new want implies a new sorrow, namely, the sorrow experienced in the deprivation of the means to gratify it. A thousand wants means a

thousand sorrows, a thousand disappointments, a thousand pains.

"Has the standard of happiness been raised even to the extent of one inch by your much vaunted civilization? I say no; on the contrary you suffer more than your forefathers did at any given period, because they lived in a simpler and more frugal manner, and their wants were fewer. They had more time to rest and think. The multiplicity of your wants has brought about a feverish activity, and in your so-called 'struggle for existence' you have actually come to look upon your fellow-man in the light of an enemy. You try to overcome him by stealth and by every modification of craft; you try to oust him from business and drive him to the wall. This is what you complacently call 'the survival of the fittest', a kind of password which you have invented in order to appease your not over-delicate conscience.

"Eight hundred years ago there was club-law in Frankistan: your rival or com-

petitor would simply dash your brains out and take possession of your property, and there was an end of you and your sorrows. You do not fight with clubs any longer, but you wage a more merciless warfare with your brains; today it is brain against brain that is pitted in relentless and implacable combat, and your suffering is more of a mental than a physical character. Physical suffering is limited in duration, but mental suffering is the worst kind of agony. You see the carnage around you, the furious struggle for possession at the expense of your fellow-man, and you actually seem to enjoy your miserable triumph; you chuckle at the thought of having overreached your fellow-man in cunning, of having ruined him in business, of having brought him to his knees. You little think of his grief and sorrow, and of the fate of those who are depending upon him, of the heartbreak involved in his agony of despair on realizing that another hope has been frustrated, another illusion dispelled, an-

other dream of happiness shattered forever, and another load added to this world's burden of sorrow. Survival of the fittest, forsooth!

"Who is it that survives in your precious struggle for existence? Is it the most humane, the most sensitive, the most generous, the most altruistic? No, it is the most merciless, the most selfish, the most unscrupulous—the very type whose extinction would be desirable in the interest of the race.

"We Hindoos, on the other hand, after having risen to a certain height of material culture, have paused and reflected, and have begun to reduce our wants to a minimum. We live on rice, and most of us are satisfied with one meal a day. A teacup full of boiled rice, with a little salt, is all that we need in the line of food; one piece of cloth, which will last us for years, is all the raiment we need, and as for shelter, why a few bamboo sticks thatched with palm-leaves will more than suffice. All our immediate wants, if translated into time,

would mean less than twenty minutes' work per day; we can devote all the rest of our time to mental culture, to thinking—not to book study, but to the solution of the world mystery. And we *have* done a good deal of thinking, as you are prepared to admit; we have developed, during these last fifty centuries, mind faculties which are a source of constant surprise to you; in fact while you have been working for the stomach, we have been working for the brain. You Westerners, in fact, are all stomach and we are all brain."

Here Coomra Sami advanced a few paces, then suddenly turning around, and facing me, he continued: "Now one of the singular discoveries we have made during this long period of our mental activity is that no two persons see the world in precisely the same light. This discovery was made already by the Rishis at the time when the Upanishads were compiled, but the knowledge now may be said to be the common inheritance of our people. You see we are

an older race; older in experience, older in memories, and you are enough of a naturalist, or rather evolutionist, to be aware of the fact that there is a memory of race, even in the lower animal world, which far surpasses in intensity that short memory which is acquired by the individual in his transitory existence in any given incarnation. You have given the name of 'instinct' to this inherited memory in the animal world; but we also are the heritors of the accumulated memory and experience of the countless generations who have preceded us, and we know that the so-called external world is not real.

"There have been enlightened minds, even in your Western culture, who have come to recognize what, to you, may seem a new truth, but which is as old as the eternal stars. Your greatest philosophers from the time of Plato to that very Schopenhauer whom you quote so often, have come to the conclusion that mind, and not matter, is the one reality. What you call

matter exists only in your mind, and it cannot be too often repeated that the fact of our being able to see or touch a thing does not prove its existence. In your dreams the world to you is as real as in the so-called waking condition; you can see, hear and feel things which are devoid of existence. There are as many worlds as there are minds, although the general resemblance is such that we may speak of a normal type; yet among so many millions of minds there must be at least a few who are so differently constituted that they may be said to live in quite another world. Those whom you call insane are simply cases which differ largely from the normal type; you put them into asylums because they happen to be in the minority, although *their* world is as real as *yours*. You may reply that their so-called insanity is due to some alteration, disease or peculiarity of the brain; this, however, strengthens my position, because it clearly proves that what we call the world depends entirely upon the

condition of the mind of the individual."

"But, *samadhi*," I replied, "this is indeed a revelation which staggers me; do you really mean to say that these eternal hills and the fertile plains beyond, have no existence, except in my own mind?"

"These eternal hills," replied the adept, as he gave me a singular look and waved his hand, "where are they now?" And as I turned my gaze from the adept's eyes in the direction of the snow-clad Himalayas I was amazed to find myself gazing upon vacancy; the eternal hills and the fertile plains had vanished into thin air, and nothing was before me but a vast expanse of space; even the solid rock beneath our feet seemed to have disappeared, although I felt as if treading some invisible ground. The sensation was weird in the extreme, and the illusion lasted fully eight or ten minutes, when suddenly the outlines of the hills came faintly to view again, and before many seconds the landscape had risen to its former reality.

"This is nothing but a case of hypnotic influence." I thought, when Coomra Sami exclaimed: "Hypnotic influence? Yes and No. The phenomena of what you call hypnotism have their explanation in the fact that if some one, with a knowledge of this occult power, can alter your mind in any given direction, the world, as a matter of course, will alter *with it*; and here we come back to the eternal truth, namely, that your so-called world after all is *maya* or illusion, which I hope you have grasped now and forever."

This was my last conversation with Coomra Sami, one of the greatest adepts of Northern India. Three months later I found myself on the frowning heights of Darjeeling, two hundred miles to the north of Calcutta, in front of Mounts Everest and Kitchinchanga, amidst the grandest Himalayan scenery, prepared for my journey into the land of the Lamas.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF INDIA

BY A STUDENT OF OCCULTISM

It is not an unjust nor unreasonable demand upon one who appears in the *role* of critic that he should present his credentials before asking for the confidence of his readers.

For the purposes of this letter, however, it may be deemed sufficient to state that the writer has devoted more than twenty years to the careful study of occult philosophy and psychic phenomena under conditions most favorable to the acquisition of exact and definite knowledge along those lines, and for nearly half that time has been a regularly admitted member of that mystic order which alone could invest him with authority to speak upon the subject under consideration.

At a future time and in a different manner exact and complete information will be

cheerfully furnished to those who may be chosen for that purpose from among the scientific investigators now actively identified with the development of psychic thought and culture in America. Until then, however, let the foregoing serve as a sufficient introduction.

In the current (August) number of *The Arena*, running from page 366 to 378*, both inclusive, appears Part II. of a paper by Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., under the caption, "Occult Science in Thibet." It is this article in general, and certain specific declarations of principle therein contained, in particular, that I desire briefly to discuss in the hope that I may, perhaps, add to their general value in the world of scientific thought and exact knowledge.

Mr. Hensoldt has recently clearly, ably and entertainingly written upon the same general theme a number of articles which have been read with critical interest by progressive thinkers throughout the civil-

*See pages 21 to 56 of this volume.

ized world. In all of these articles the crystal-clear integrity and good conscience of the author are strongly attested, and let it be distinctly understood at the outset that this letter does not contain one word which is intended to impeach, in the smallest degree, his good faith and honesty of purpose.

Mr. Hensoldt does not pretend, however, to have passed behind the mystic veil of the initiate, nor claim to speak with authority beyond that acquired by personal observation from a strictly external point of vision. He is, therefore, in position to understand and appreciate the fact that some of his impressions and interpretations may not be strictly accurate, or that his use of language may have added here and there a shade of meaning not contemplated by the Hindoo whose thoughts he has endeavored to reflect, although he stands fully acquitted of any intent to misrepresent.

If, therefore, in his last article he has drawn some conclusions and presented some

interpretations which unintentionally do injustice to the mystic Brotherhood as well as to their philosophy, he will esteem it a favor rather than an offense to have his attention called to the fact in a spirit of fraternal kindness. With that thought in mind I shall endeavor to free myself from the embarrassment of seeming to invite antagonism or controversy. I seek only to establish truth.

At page 374* of *The Arena* Mr. Hensoldt quotes from Coomra Sami, among other things, the following words:—

“What you have to get rid of, in the first instance, is this fundamental delusion of *matter*. There *is* no such thing as matter. What you call the external world is no more real than the shadow of yonder rock. The things which you seem to behold around you are simply the products of your own mind

Again at page 377†:—

“We (Hindoos) know that the so-called

*Page 44 & 45 of this volume.

†See page 53.

external world is not real.....What you call matter exists only in your mind, and it can not be too often repeated that the fact of our being able to see or touch a thing does not prove its existence."

And again at page 378* :—

"And here we come back to the eternal truth, namely, that your so-called world after all is *maya* or illusion, etc."

I call attention to these extracts as an expression of the central thought about which the Hindoo is reported to have woven much more by way of explanation, illustration and elucidation. The central thought, however, is the specific subject-matter to which I desire to address myself; and in this connection I trust that Mr. Hensoldt will not hold me in contempt for the violation of common courtesies, nor adjudge me guilty of incivility when I say that *such is not the philosophy of the Mystic Brotherhood*. They have never taught, nor have they intended to teach that "*There is no such thing as matter*",

*See page 56 of this volume.

nor that "*matter is only a delusion*".

How this radical misinterpretation of so fundamental a principle in the philosophy may have occurred, I do not pretend to know; but I do know that it is a mistake which does the gravest injustice to the Brotherhood as well as to their philosophy and teaching. Other misinterpretations of their philosophy have gone before the world, but none more radically at variance with the facts than this. The very fact that there are today but thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood, that their lives are from necessity very exclusive, that there are so few who could be entrusted with the knowledge they possess, makes access to them most difficult. This in turn has led to a wide range of vague, indefinite and exaggerated rumors concerning their lives, their habits, customs, knowledge and philosophy which have been published to the world as *facts*, but many of which are fiction pure and simple.

As to this particular article under consideration, I could not and do not expect the readers of this paper to accept my uncorroborated statement in preference to that of Mr. Hensoldt, and had I relied upon such evidence alone I should never have opened the door of controversy. There are, however, certain remarkable inconsistencies in the body of the article itself which the careful, thoughtful student can not fail to recognize, but which might readily pass unchallenged by the casual reader. To one or two of these only, let me direct your attention:—

1. At page 376* of *The Arena* the following quotation, *ipsissimus verbis*, from Coomra Sami appears without qualifications, viz.:—

“We (Hindoos) live on rice, and most of us are satisfied with one meal a day. A teacup full of boiled rice, with a little salt is all that we need in the line of food. One piece of cloth, which will last us for years,

*See page 51 of this volume.

is all the raiment we need, and as for shelter, why, a few bamboo sticks thatched with palm leaves will more than suffice."

It is but courtesy as well as justice to Mr. Hensoldt to assume that these are, in truth, the exact words of the Hindoo. But now let us apply to them the simple test of the philosophy that "matter is a delusion". In that event, to be entirely consistent with his philosophy, the Hindoo should have said something like this:—

"We imaginary beings (Hindoos) think we live on a cereal fantasy (rice), and most of us imagine ourselves satisfied with one such delusion (meal) a day. An illusion (teacup) full of boiled cereal fantasy (rice), with a little epiphany (salt) as an imaginary condiment with which to fool our supposed sense of taste, is all we need in the line of gustatory deception (food). One piece of misconception (cloth) which will last us for a number of delusions of time (years), is all the nothing (raiment) we need. And as for the phantom (shelter)

why, a few bamboo imaginations (sticks) thatched with palm-nonentities (leaves), will more than suffice."

Again at page 377* the Hindoo is quoted as follows: "While you have been working for the stomach, we have been working for the brain." But had he been entirely consistent with his delusional philosophy, he should have said something like this:

"While you have been working for that imaginary pocket in the middle of your hallucinatory anatomy, called a stomach, we have been working for the more exalted delusion in the mistaken apex of our imaginary craniums, called a brain."

While there is necessarily an element of absurdity in the foregoing amended rendition of the Hindoo's language, my purpose is not to ridicule the author, but only to illustrate more vividly the fact that the very words employed by the Hindoo to express his thought, are in themselves a palpable contradiction of the philosophy

*See page 52 of this volume.

which Mr. Hensoldt's article would teach. The same contradiction may be observed in almost every sentence uttered by the Hindoo.

For illustration: he speaks of the *city of Thibet*, of the *Himalayan heights*, of his *heart*, of *wealth*, *luxury*, *cattle*, *animality*, his *race*, the *Vale of Kashmir*; of the *hand*, *eye*, *ear* and *brain*; of *horses*, *stones*, *trees*, *rubbish*, *material possessions*, *property* and the *eternal stars*; of *physical suffering* and *physical character* as distinguished from mental suffering and spiritual character; of *material culture* as distinguished from spiritual culture, and of many other purely physical things, in such terms as tacitly to acknowledge their existence in a world not of the spirit. And yet, with all these accumulated evidences of his unqualified recognition of physical nature, he is made to say, "What you call matter exists only in your own mind." "There is no such thing as matter." To the mind of the thoughtful reader the inconsistency must be

apparent, and to the careful, analytical scientist it is, of itself, a sufficient condemnation of the fallacy.

2. If one were left to draw his conclusion from the words of the Hindoo alone, as they appear in the article under consideration, it would seem that the one central and supreme object to be attained by a student in this school of magic, is the mystic art of dispelling "the delusion of matter".

Coomra Sami tells us that this fundamental delusion is the chief obstacle in the pathway of the initiate, and goes so far as to draw comparisons between the wisdom of the Western world and that of the Orient, much to the advantage of the East. From his exposition of the philosophy, if one would attain the exalted position of an *adept*, he must first divest himself of this "fundamental delusion of matter". He must rise to a point of spiritual perception where "There is no such thing as matter". Upon this point one's scepticism is, in a

manner, disarmed by the author's statement that "Coomra Sami was one of those *high grade adepts* who had come as near perfection in the line of occult wisdom as probably any Hindoo initiate from the time of the great Sakyamuni". If this be true, it follows "as the night the day" that in so far as *he* is concerned "There is no such thing as matter". In so many words he tells us so; but how shall we reconcile this with the fact that, even he, after having *reduced his wants to a minimum*, still *eats rice, wears clothes*, and lives beneath the shelter of *bamboo sticks* thatched with *palm leaves*? All these things the Hindoo tells us are necessities even in his own life. But what are *rice, clothes, bamboo sticks* and *palm leaves*? They are either *matter* or *delusions*. If *matter*, they completely disprove the "delusion" theory; but if, on the other hand, they are only *delusions*, then, by his own mouth, Coomra Sami stands convicted of *eating delusions, wearing delusions*, and living under the protecting *shelter* of a de-

lusion, all of which, to a man of his profound wisdom and great power, must be a most humiliating confession of his own insufficiency, or a like confession of the error of his philosophy. Whichever position we take there is an irreconcilable inconsistency which condemns the philosophy.

3. As additional or cumulative evidence that matter has no existence in fact, Mr. Hensoldt at page 378* of his article asks the Hindoo this question: "Do you really mean to say that these eternal hills and the fertile plains beyond, have no existence, except in my own mind?" To this, after giving Mr. Hensoldt a *singular look and waving his hand*, Coomra Sami replies: "These eternal hills, where are they now?" Mr. Hensoldt then says: "And as I turned my gaze from the adept's eyes in the direction of the snow-clad Himalayas I was amazed to find myself gazing upon vacancy; the eternal hills and the fertile plains had vanished into thin air, and noth-

*See page 55 of this volume.

ing was before me but a vast expanse of space; even the solid rock beneath our feet seemed to have disappeared, although I felt as if treading some invisible ground. *The sensation was weird in the extreme, and the illusion lasted fully eight or ten minutes, when suddenly the outlines of the hills came faintly to view again, and before many seconds the landscape had risen to its former reality.*"

It will be observed from the foregoing that Mr. Hensoldt says: "The *illusion* lasted fully eight or ten minutes," etc., from which it would appear that notwithstanding the words of the adept, he, at least, recognizes the fact that the *disappearance* of the eternal hills constitutes the *illusion* in this case, and that their *reappearance* is, in fact, the *reality*. Such, at least, is the truth. This kind of sensory illusion is most common, and one need not go beyond the limits of your beautiful city of Boston to witness it in many forms quite as interesting; but it is wholly incompetent as

evidence to support the allegation that "There is no such thing as matter." It constitutes much better evidence of the truth of hypnotism.

I have said that notwithstanding many misinterpretations of the philosophy and teachings of the Mystic Brotherhood, and many fallacies concerning their life and work have been published to the world during the past few years; yet nothing has ever appeared in print more radically unjust to them and their philosophy than the allegation of Coomra Sami that they deny the existence of matter.

So widely is this at variance from the very basic and elementary principle of their philosophy, that I am impelled to give a brief statement of their true position upon the question under consideration.

Instead of believing or teaching that "There is no such thing as matter," or that "what we call matter exists only in the mind"—the very foundation rock upon which the superstructure of their entire

philosophy rests, is the great, universal truth that *matter exists everywhere*.

Not only is the physical universe a universe of *matter*, but the same is equally true of the world of spirit. Both are *material* in the most exact and literal meaning of that word. The spirit of an individual is as truly a *material* organism as is the physical body which envelops it. Both are *matter*, the one *physical* and the other *spiritual*. "Physical material" and "spiritual material" are, in truth, the identical terms employed by the masters to distinguish between the two worlds of matter.

But if it be true that both are, in fact, material worlds, the question may properly be asked: Wherein exists the difference, and what is the necessity for any such distinction?

The one belongs to the world of purely physical things, and is therefore designated by the very appropriate term, "physical matter". The other belongs to the world of purely spiritual things, and is therefore designated by the equally fitting term,

“spiritual matter”. For a similar reason we designate that which belongs to the mineral kingdom as “mineral”, and that which belongs to the vegetable kingdom as “vegetable”, but the one is as truly material as the other.

In this case, however, both belong to the world of physical material, and are but subdivisions of it. But what are the real differences between a vegetable and a mineral by means of which the physical scientist may distinguish the one from the other? These are too well known to require analysis or definition in this letter, and I therefore take for granted that they are familiar to the reader. It is equally true, however, that there are certain distinguishable differences existing in physical and spiritual organisms which enable the spiritual scientist—or the master—to determine with equal accuracy to which world of matter any given organism or body belongs. What are some of these distinguishable differences?

1. One which may be mentioned is, *the*

degree of fineness—or the relative size of the individual particles of which a body is composed.

Let me see if I can make this clear. Suppose, for illustration, you take an ordinary gallon measure and fill it to the brim with marbles of the ordinary size used by children at play. Now it is not difficult for you to understand that, although it will hold no more marbles, the measure is not, in fact, *full*. There are many vacant spaces between these marbles, which may be filled in without running the measure over, provided we select a substance, the particles of which are fine enough to sift into these vacant spaces. Now suppose you try number six shot. You will find that you can put into the measure several handfuls of shot without running it over. Why is this? Because the shot are smaller than the vacant spaces between the marbles. You have now poured in all the shot the measure will hold, but you can readily understand that the measure is not yet full.

There yet remain smaller spaces between the shot which are still vacant. Now put in ordinary white, dry sand, and you will find that the measure, though full as it will hold of marbles and shot, will still receive several handfuls of the sand. Why? Because the vacant spaces between the shot are larger than the grains of sand. But you have now put in all the sand the measure will hold. Is it full? No. You may now pour in over a pint of water. Why? Because the particles of which water is composed are much finer than the vacant spaces between the particles of sand, and the water has only run into these vacant spaces.

It now begins to look as if the measure were, in reality, full; but not so. Now take a very high grade of finely distilled alcohol and you will be able to drop slowly in three or four spoonfuls of the alcohol without overrunning the measure. Why is this? Because there are still vacant spaces, even between the particles of water, large

enough to receive the finer particles of which alcohol is composed. But how now? Have we reached the limit? No. There is yet another fluid compound known to chemists whose particles are so much finer than those of alcohol that a teaspoonful or two of this may be added without seeming to increase the aggregate contents of the measure, thus proving that even between the particles of alcohol there are spaces unfilled. But what shall we say now? Is the measure full? No; not yet. We will now turn into the vessel a current of electricity, and we find that we still have room for an amount sufficient to charge the entire contents of the measure. But what is electricity? The finest and most subtle fluid known to the physical universe. We are now just upon the borderland of the spiritual universe. We have approached it along the line of "the degree of fineness, or the relative size of the individual particles of which a body is composed." The next step takes us across the border-line of

purely physical material into the land of spiritual matter.

2. Another distinguishable difference between physical material and spiritual material is found in the *rate of vibratory motion of the atom in the compound*.

Let me see if I can make myself understood on this point. Take a piece of granite, set it before you, look at it carefully and see if you can discover any vibratory movement among the individual crystals of which it is composed. No; you are ready to declare that, so far as you can discover, they are absolutely at rest; but not so. Science has discovered that the individual particles of which a stone is composed are in a constant state of vibratory motion one upon the other. But this vibratory motion of the atom in the compound is, in the case of stone, at such a low rate that it is not perceptible to the physical sense of sight, and as a result the piece of granite appears to be a solid, immovable, impenetrable mass of dead matter.

Now take a piece of growing wood. Examine it as carefully as possible with the naked eye. You are still unable to observe any movement among the particles of which it is composed; but if you place it under a powerful magnifying glass you will be able to distinguish a very slight vibratory movement among the individual cells of which it is composed. But notwithstanding that the rate of this vibratory motion is much greater than that in the case of stone, it is still not great enough to disturb the physical sense of vision. The result is that wood, like stone, appears to the naked eye, a solid, dead substance.

To save both time and space, we will now pass over several intermediate substances such as animal flesh, gelatine, etc., and examine a drop of water. Here we find that the vibratory motion of the atom in the compound is at a rate many times greater than that in either stone or wood. The particles of which water is composed move with such facility and rapidity, one upon

another that, to a certain extent, they elude the physical sense of sight, and the result is that water is transparent to the naked eye.

Let us take another step forward and we come to the gases. Here we find that the vibratory motion of the atom in the compound is at a rate so much higher than in water that the physical sense of vision is entirely eluded. In other words, a gas is invisible only because the atoms of which it is composed vibrate so rapidly that the physical sense of sight is unable to follow them. To make this fact so clear that none may misunderstand it nor fail to grasp it as a fundamental principle in science, why is it that when a gun is discharged we are unable to see the bullet speeding on its way? It is only because its rate of movement is so rapid that the physical sense of sight cannot follow it. It has simply eluded the eye. Again: Look at an ordinary carriage-wheel when it is at rest and you can see every spoke with perfect distinct-

ness; but place it on a spindle and set it revolving at a high rate, and the higher the rate the less distinctly you will be able to see the spokes until they finally disappear.

We now come to the last and highest grade of physical matter, viz., electricity. The vibratory motion of the atoms in this compound is at a rate higher than that in any other physical substance.

And here we stand again at the border line which bounds the physical universe of matter and separates it from the world of things spiritual. The only difference is that in this case we have approached from an entirely different direction, viz., along the line of vibratory motion. The next step takes us beyond the physical into the world of spiritual matter. There are other distinguishable characteristics of physical material and spiritual material which enable the advanced scientist immediately to classify and locate in its proper world, any given material organism, with as much certainty and precision as the physical

scientist or *physicist* of the great colleges of the world is enabled to classify and locate the purely physical substances with which his science has to do; but it is unnecessary to multiply these illustrations. What I desire to make clear is the fact that the physical scientist, or physicist, using only physical means, is limited in his scientific investigation and demonstration to the world of *physical* matter. He stops at the border line between the two worlds of matter and is forced to say: "I can go no further; the instruments at my command are not fine enough, nor sufficiently subtle, to test the properties and qualities of that which lies out beyond. It eludes the methods of physical science and all the means at my command."

At this point, however, the spiritual scientist—the Master—takes up the thread of science and carries it forward past the border line of *physics* into the land of *psychics*. In his ability thus to view the subject from *both* worlds, his great advant-

age is inconceivable to one whose sense of vision is limited to the world of purely physical things. At this line, running between the two worlds of matter, he sees every law of physical matter joined to its correlative law of spiritual matter. The chain of law is thus unbroken. It runs from one universe of matter directly across into the other without interruption; and in this splendid continuity he recognizes the majesty, the power and the glory in this, *the universality of law*.

The foregoing is but a brief statement—too brief, perhaps—of the position of the Mystic Brotherhood of India upon this elementary subject of matter. Brief as it is, however, if I have but made it clear, it cannot fail to correct many misinterpretations of their philosophy, and may, perhaps, lead to further scientific inquiry along correct lines. Let it be fully understood that their philosophy is based upon the most exact science. They accept the great universe of existing things as they find it,

viz., as a most vivid and tangible *reality*. They apply to the spring of its hidden laws the key of *exact science*, and to whatever extent they have thus far been able to unlock its seeming mysteries they have done so with a full and unqualified recognition of the fundamental fact that *matter does exist*; that it is not only a *reality* but *the very basic* reality upon which the entire superstructure of their philosophy rests.

I have thus far covered but one essential point in Mr. Hensoldt's article; but, although the point thus covered is fundamental and of most vital importance in the philosophy, his article presents a number of others growing out of, and so intimately associated with and dependent upon it, that complete justice to every interest involved would require a much fuller discussion of the questions presented. For illustration: His theories concerning *insanity*, *telepathy* and *introspection*, as well as the methods employed in *spiritual development*, are all, to a certain degree, tintured

with the same primary fallacy, and without explanation may result in leading his readers into confusion. These, however, I must pass over untouched.

In conclusion, let me emphasize the purpose of this paper and make clear the one and only motive back of it. It is written, not in the spirit of criticism, but rather as a kindly meant correction of misapprehensions whose results must otherwise be fraught with harm. Neither is it intended as a challenge to the authors of recent occult literature.

A due appreciation, however, of the possible, nay, even probable consequences of such misapprehensions, would seem at this time to justify, as well as demand, this explanation of the real position of the Brotherhood upon the question under consideration. For it is a fact that the great mass of occult literature of the hour, and more especially that which relates directly to the Mystic Brotherhood of India, shows an increasing rather than a diminishing

tendency toward misapprehension and consequent confusion.

It is confidently believed, however, that the time is near at hand when that which today is known to the world as occult science shall not be looked upon as a mystery defying the honest investigation of intelligent minds. The Brotherhood of India is a *bona fide* and definite organization. It has back of it a long history of concerted effort in behalf of humanity, fraught with both failure and success. It has a most active and intense present existence whose potent influence in behalf of the universal progress of mankind is felt in every quarter of the civilized world. And it has also a definite and orderly plan and purpose for the future, toward the accomplishment of which it is moving with absolute faith, increasing hope and undaunted courage.





"WHICH OF US WILL BE HEREAFTER?"

A PLEA FOR PANTHEISM

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

Prakriti [matter] is an illusion; Purusha [mind] alone
is real

—— *Upanishads.*

Gegen Dummheit kämpfen Gotter selbst vergebens.

—— *Goethe.*

In the November *Arena* an anonymous critic, styling himself "A Student of Occultism", has deemed it expedient to "correct" certain statements of mine in reference to the teachings of Coomra Sami, contained in my paper on Thibet, and to enlighten an unsophisticated public as to the *real* philosophy of the "Brotherhood of India". He begins his extraordinary effusion with the announcement that he has "devoted more than twenty years to the careful study of occult philosophy," and that, for nearly half that time, he has been a "*regularly admitted member*"* of that mystic order which alone could invest him with the

*Italics are mine.

authority to speak upon the subject under consideration.

Then, after some facetious compliments as to "Mr. Hensoldt's ability, clearness and honesty of purpose" and the assurance that no offense is meant, but simply a sort of mild refutation of "conclusions which unintentionally do injustice to the Mystic Brotherhood as well as to their philosophy", he informs the reader that Coomra Sami's conceptions of matter (as rendered in the second part of my paper on Thibet) are all wrong, that "such is not the philosophy of the Mystic Brotherhood", and that he (the anonymous writer) has been commissioned, as it were, by the said Brotherhood to vindicate and expound their *real* doctrines. This announcement is worthily climaxed by the interesting information that "there are today but thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood."

It was not altogether wise on the part of this tremendous initiate (and mouthpiece

of the *mahatmas*) to preface his peculiar missive with these pompous assertions. In the first instance, it was very bad form. To begin a controversy with the announcement that one has devoted half a lifetime to the study of the subject under discussion sounds very much like begging the question, for it presumes a dogmatic authority, at the outset, which it is afraid to establish on the ground of logical reasoning. The law of the survival of the fittest applies even more forcibly to theories than to species, and, in an intellectual tournament, he who can advance the clearest and most convincing arguments will invariably be proclaimed the victor. Self-constituted authority and assertive dogmatism count for little in these sceptical days. A man may have handled plane, saw, and chisel a whole lifetime, and yet be a very poor carpenter for all that; length of research does not establish mental calibre, and "der Doctor schuetzt vor der Dummheit nicht", as we say in Germany, i. e., "a doctor's

diploma is no criterion of a man's intelligence". If this doughty champion has really "devoted more than twenty years to the careful study of occult philosophy", it is surprising how little he has learned during all that time, for he knows *absolutely nothing* of Oriental mysticism (as will be shown immediately) and precious little of occultism in general or modern science in particular.

The *mahatmas*, in selecting so sorry a polemist for the airing of their grievances, must have been in a singular predicament, although it is quite in keeping with some of their other erratic performances, for instance the nature of the communications with which, from time to time, they favor the ring-leaders and wire-pullers of a certain jesuitical organization in this country. Judging from the composition and spelling of these mysterious messages, as well as from the chronic absence of ideas in them, or even utterances to which a gifted imagination could attach the remotest meaning,

it is safe to declare that there is no *embarras de richesse* of intellect among the "thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood".

To one who possesses even the crudest knowledge of Oriental philosophy, it is refreshing to notice the hardihood with which this phenomenal "student of occultism" delivers himself pompously and dogmatically on subjects which are evidently altogether beyond his ken.

In the first instance: *There is no such thing as a "Brotherhood of India"*. There are to be found, in the jungles, deserts, and mountain-fastnesses of India, Burma and Thibet, numerous recluses—for south-eastern Asia may still be called a land of hermits—and many of these, by dint of severe self-discipline and a prolonged cultivation of the faculty of introspection (which lies dormant even in the breast of the savage), rise to considerable occult knowledge and power; but they do not form a brotherhood in the sense of any of our secret

societies, and neither at the present day nor at any previous period did there exist an organization of *any kind whatsoever*, even among the most advanced adepts of the far East.

To speak of an "Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood" is as astounding and amusing a piece of absurdity as the declaration that there are today "thirty-three active living masters". Our occult critic here evidently has the thirty-three degrees of Freemasonry in his mind, and the whole is a ludicrous attempt at mystification.

The Hindoo philosophy, as I have pointed out on a previous occasion,* does not depend upon an interchange of ideas for its advancement, but is based almost entirely upon *intuition*, viz., upon the cultivation of certain mysterious innate faculties which are a universal heritage of mankind, and which, if rightly exercised, are of priceless value in the attainment of transcendental

See "*The Wonders of Hindoo Magic*", THE ARENA, December, 1893, page 48.

wisdom. An organization for the purpose of mutual enlightenment or combined action, in the sense of our Western Culture, would be meaningless and altogether impossible among the Oriental mystics, where each individual represents a different plane of development and is a law unto himself.

Of course the term "mystic brotherhood" may, under certain conditions, be employed, just as we not unfrequently speak of a medical, legal, or clerical "fraternity", or even a "brotherhood of tramps", without implying the actual existence of such bodies, in the sense of organized institutions. I, myself, have, in this signification, once or twice made use of the expression "brotherhood" when speaking of the mystics in my previous papers on Oriental occultism. But here comes a cheerful innocent who soberly assures us that there exists a *de facto* "Brotherhood of India" (a brotherhood, moreover, which is sorely offended at my alleged misrepresentation of *their* philosophy), and who actually has evolved

"thirty three active living masters of the Inner Temple" from his inner consciousness.

How many more times must it be repeated that the thorny path of the Indian recluse—his progress to a higher knowledge—does not lead through the gates of a formal "initiation" by more advanced hierophants who have already climbed the Himalayan heights? There are many who seem to look upon adeptship in the light of a trade, which can be learned by any grocer's clerk, after a more or less extended apprenticeship. Numerous letters have been received by the writer from people who wanted to know whether adepts accepted pupils from the United States, and under what conditions Coomra Sami would be likely to receive them as boarders. The following quotation from the second part of my paper on Thibet* will be of service here:

"There is no such thing as a course of studies prescribed or laid down by the

*See page 38 of this volume.

esoterics which will enable the neophyte in the course of time to cast a glimpse behind the mysterious "curtain". No amount of hard work and perseverance, in the line of applied studies, would materially assist the searcher for truth; the long years of probation and the various modifications of self-denial which are usually imposed upon the neophyte by those who hold the key to some of nature's greatest marvels have no other purpose than to test the powers of endurance and the personal character of the *chela*. . . .The wisdom you are in search of is not to be found in books. . . there are things which it is altogether impossible to express in words. . . .The world behind the curtain is so utterly unlike the world revealed by our senses that the masters could not describe it if they would. *Look into your own self*, and if you do this rightly you will *see* everything. . . .You must climb the Himalayan heights with painful effort."*

*Coomra Sami.

It must be obvious to all but the dullest that Western science, after more than six-hundred years of investigation, has not only failed to pierce the gloom which shrouds the mystery of life, but that no amount of experimental research on the lines hitherto followed will ever bring us an inch nearer the solution of the great questions: "What are we? Whence do we come? Whither do we go?" which have puzzled the wisest of mankind from the very dawn of reason. Science is, and always has been, reasoning in a circle; for instead of telling us *why* things happen in a certain way, the man of science explains *how* they happened; and instead of trying to take cognizance of the mysterious forces behind the tangible and measurable universe, Western science has always been engaged in a process of gauging, weighing, and measuring that which it cannot satisfactorily explain.

That we are surrounded by a host of unknown forces for which we have no sense perceptions can be clearly demonstra-

ted even on physical grounds. During the evolutionary progress of man from the forms of a lower world—the long, wearisome pilgrimage of the ego, through countless gradations, to its present high eminence—only such sense-organs have been developed as were absolutely necessary for the preservation of the species. "Nature" is very chary of her endowments. If we look around and examine any of the numberless representatives of organic life—whether a butterfly, star-fish, or dromedary—we find it provided with only just those sense-organs without which existence would be either impossible to it or of the most precarious order. There is no waste of energies in any given direction throughout the so-called physical universe, and everything is arranged on the most economic principles. Man's "five senses", along with the rest of his faculties, were evolved to enable him to obtain his food on the one hand, and protect or warn him of dangers on the other; and it is not merely possible, but

absolutely certain, that we are surrounded by a vast array of forces to which we are blind—forces which are, in the true sense, occult—because we have no means of perceiving them, and because they are of no immediate advantage or detriment to the race.

The following illustration will render this clear to all except our occult critic and his “thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood”. Imagine a pendulum, suspended in a room from which all light is excluded, amidst a darkness deeper than that of Tartarus, and a silence as that of the grave. Now imagine this pendulum to be set in motion by some invisible hand, and compelled to vibrate or swing to and fro with an *ever-increasing speed*.

An observer present in the room would not, for awhile at least, know what was going on, because neither his sense of sight, hearing, smell, or touch has been appealed to. But as soon as the vibrations of the

pendulum have reached the rate of about thirty per second the silence is interrupted, and a very low musical sound is heard—the lowest note the human ear can grasp—lower than the deepest bass of a church organ. This sound, however, will rise in pitch in proportion as the vibration quickens, and will travel over the entire musical scale, until, when the speed has risen to about forty thousand undulations per second, it has reached the *highest* note which the human ear can grasp, and there will be *silence once more*.

But the motion of the pendulum goes on, and at last—after a veritable ocean of undulations has been left behind and the vibratory speed has reached the enormous figure of six billions per second—a *dull red light* looms from the Cimmerian darkness, the light of the red end of the spectrum.

The motion now appeals to our sense of *sight*, and in proportion as it rises to still giddier heights the color changes

into yellow, green and blue, until, at the rate of about fifteen billions per second, the extreme violet end of the spectrum is reached, and there is *darkness once more*. But the motion goes on forever.

Now between the forty thousand vibrations representing the highest *sound*, and the six billions of the dullest *light*, there is an enormous gap—an ocean of wave-motions which are altogether beyond our perception, but which are known to exist, for everything is continuous in nature, and there are no sudden breaks anywhere. Tyndall was one of the first to point this out and to suggest that within this vast chasm of forces—forces which no eye can see and no ear can perceive—we must seek for the explanation of the mysterious potentialities known as electricity and magnetism.

Coming back to our occult critic: it is in the discussion of the subjects *mind* and *matter* (if a string of preposterous assertions may, indeed, be called a discussion) that he is, unconsciously, most amusing.

After trying to ridicule Coomra Sami's lucid demonstration of the unreality of matter, he pompously asserts:

"So widely is this at variance from the very basic and elementary principle of their philosophy, that I am impelled to give a brief statement of their true position upon the question under consideration. Instead of believing or teaching that "There is no such thing as matter," or that "what we call matter exists only in the mind", the very foundation rock upon which the superstructure of their entire philosophy rests is the great universal truth that *matter exists everywhere.*"

For downright, unadulterated nonsense this exceeds even the inimitable proclamations with which his grace the Duke of Argyll from time to time delights and astonishes European savants. Poor *mahatmas*! poor dear innocents of the Inner Temple! So you "believe and teach that matter is real and exists everywhere, and that the spirit of an individual is as truly

a *material* organism as is the physical body which envelops it." I never knew that you *believed* or *taught* anything, because I always understood that each of you represented a different stage of mentality, and that the word *belief* had no existence in your vocabulary. Adepts do not "believe; they *know*.

What about the Upanishads? What about the hoary wisdom of the *rishis*? What about the great doctrine of *maya*, which is peculiarly a product of the Oriental mind, and which has been the fundamental conception of enlightened India from time immemorial? What about Patanjali and the philosophy of the Advaita (the very *term* implying *non-duality*, or the sole existence of mind)? What about Buddha, who undoubtedly was the greatest esoteric teacher the world has ever seen?

Matter real, and "spirit" a modification of matter, forsooth! Shades of Plato, Spinoza and Kant; of Schopenhauer, Carlyle and Emerson! Here is a "regularly

admitted member "of the "Brotherhood of India" declaring—in the teeth of the hoary philosophy of the Oriental Aryans—that the doctrine of the unreality of matter is diametrically opposed to the belief and teachings of the "thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple of the Mystic Brotherhood."

Let us now examine the kind of logic which this tremendous occultist employs in order to demonstrate the fallacy of Coomra Sami's reasoning. One sample will suffice. Instead of saying, "We (Hindoos) live on rice, and most of us are satisfied with one meal a day", Coomra Sami—so our initiate of the Mystic Brotherhood informs us—should have said, "We imaginary beings (Hindoos) think we live on a cereal fantasy (rice), and most of us imagine ourselves satisfied with one such delusion (meal) a day." According to the judgment of our occult critic it would appear the height of absurdity that a philosopher like Coomra Sami, who denies the reality of

matter, should speak of *rice, meals, salt, cloth, palm-leaves*, etc.; and it is easy to perceive from his frantic exultation over this wonderful discovery that our phenomenal mystic is thoroughly convinced of his having scored a cardinal point by drawing attention to this alleged inconsistency.

It is amazing to notice the blindness which still prevails, even among those who lay claim to a superior education, in reference to the clearest philosophical conceptions. Details of the most paltry and trivial order, in the line of "physical research", viz., the senseless process of *labeling and classifying* that which ought to be *explained*—which is grandiloquently styled "science"—paltry details, I say, are hunted after and stored up by learned pedants, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and these trivialities are afterwards solemnly rehashed, and palmed off as education upon a credulous and unsophisticated public by the hopeless incapables who occupy the chairs of "learning" in our colleges.

Theirs is indeed a *learning* in the most literal sense of the word, a learning such as every Tom, Dick or Harry can acquire, if he only serves the customary apprenticeship.

Let the reader bear in mind that the great majority of our so-called scientists are specialists; that ninety-nine out of every hundred have selected, from the vast and bewildering maze of nature's manifestations, some narrow groove, along which they work like moles, and that although they may acquire a world-wide reputation in their "line", yet they are not qualified to pronounce an opinion on anything beyond their specialty. They are not scientists in the broader sense, for the true scientist must, at the same time, be a philosopher.

There is no lack of specialists in science, but there *is* a lack of philosophers; there is a lack of those who can rise beyond the level of their surroundings—a lack of those who can *think*. But to be *able* to think and philosophize one requires to be

endowed with a superior *mind*—and nature is very chary of her endowments. It is easy enough to crowd into a poor brain a lot of facts, a mass of detailed information in reference to any given department of science. A boy with an inferior cranium may crowd into it, by dint of hard work and perseverance, an enormous amount of information, and may continue this accumulating process till his brain is a veritable encyclopaedia of heterogeneous knowledge; yet the chances are a thousand to one against his ever contributing *one original idea* towards that fund of real wisdom which is our most precious inheritance.

One of the greatest triumphs of the human mind, and beyond comparison the most important step hitherto taken towards the solution of the world enigma, was the discovery that *an object implies a subject, i. e.*, that any given object, for instance a tree, cannot, by any possible stretch of imagination, be said to exist, unless there be at the same time an eye to see or a hand to

touch it—in other words, *a mind to conceive it*. In extension of this discovery it easily follows that the entire “external world” can have no independent existence, viz., cannot be real, except as a mental phenomenon, and that if *mind* should ever be destroyed or cease to exist, the *world*, as a matter of course, would cease to exist also.

This discovery was made thousands of years ago by subtle reasoners in far-off Hindoostan, and its deductions are given with marvelous acumen in the Upanishads, which are philosophical treatises appended to the Vedas; a treasure-house of wisdom which has no equal, and in comparison with which the logic of some of our foremost modern luminaries sounds like the veriest child's-prattle. In those glorious treatises we have an epitome of the wisdom of sages who pondered over life's riddle long before the first Pyramid was built, long before Abraham roamed the plains of Chaldea with his cattle, a treacherous and savage

Bedouin. And, like a golden thread running through the Upanishads, is the ever-recurring lesson: "*Matter is an illusion; mind alone is real.*"

Nor has modern Hindooism departed from these precepts, or been able to shake the edifice of resistless logic, rendered absolutely impregnable by the wondrous wisdom of the past. Mr. Manilal Nabhubhai Dvivedi, professor of Sanskrit in the Samuldas College of Bhaonagar, one of the most philosophical minds of present-day India, as well as one of the profoundest Vedic scholars, in his "Monism or Advaitism," says (p. 37)* "What is matter? What is *prakriti*? The question is already answered when we say that it is never independent of thought."

Again (p. 39)* "*Maya* means illusion; *prakriti* (matter) is an illusion, no doubt; mind being sufficient to send forth these illusions from within itself." In another place (p. 33)* "The Advaita philosophy

*Subodha Prakasa Press, Bombay, 1839.

questions the very nature of our perceptions of matter, and establishes that we are never conscious of anything *beyond our consciousness* of the phenomenon;" and "The substance and forms of things are mere assumptions, not independent of our thought." Finally (p. 41)* "Thought is the only thing constant and unique."

How, in the face of this overwhelming consensus of fact, our "student of occultism" can have the hardihood to assert that "Nothing has ever appeared in print more radically unjust to the Mystic Brotherhood and their philosophy than the allegation of Coomra Sami that they deny the existence of matter," surpasses my limited understanding.

To the ordinary untrained intellect, with its crude, empirical conceptions and its blind, unreasoning dogmatism, nothing would seem more absurd than the idea that the external world is not real. The mere suggestion of such a possibility is

*Subodha Prakasa Press, Bombay, 1889.

enough to set every dunce in Christendom bellowing with derisive mirth. "What! you actually mean to tell us that these chairs and tables do not exist? Are you mad? Why, *here they are!* you can *see* and *feel* them, and what better proof can there be of their reality"? This is the stock argument resorted to by those who are not accustomed to ponder over the causes of things, but are satisfied to call a certain object a "stone" and another a "tree", because they have been taught from infancy to do so, and who go through life without ever realizing the profound mystery which is involved in these conceptions. Verily, it *does* require a great deal more than the so-called "evidence of our senses" to demonstrate to enlightened reason the reality of the external universe—a *very great deal*.

Where is your universe without your *mind*? Take away a man's mind, and what has become of his world? What, I ask, has *become* of his chairs and tables; of his trees and flowers; of his sun and

moon, and the host of stars which make up that universe which now appears to him so substantial? *They have vanished into nothingness.*

Some one has said that the very simplest truths are the ones which man stumbles upon latest, and I think the history of all times has verified this. Yet even in the darkest ages—in mediaeval Europe—when ignorance and superstition held the nations in bondage, and the upas tree of ecclesiasticism spread its poisonous branches far and wide over the fairest of regions, during the long, weary centuries of priestly oppression, when torture and death at the stake threatened those who pried into the secrets of nature and dared to make known their discoveries, *even then* there existed those of our forefathers who had caught a glimpse of the great truth. Among the mystics of the Middle Ages were many profound minds, whose wisdom—often expressed in the quaintest fashion—is only now in a fair way of being appreciated,

having been brought to light again by recent research. That some of these men, by dint of introspective contemplation, fostered by asceticism and solitude, developed occult powers comparable to those of the Hindoo adepts, cannot be doubted in the least; and that others, of the type of Jacob Boehme and Gichtel, who did not lead the life of hermits, but were born philosophers, arrived at conclusions of vast significance, after keenly pondering over life's mystery, all who run may read.

The truth that an object necessitates a subject, and that without a mind to perceive it, there can be no world, was patent, among others, to Anselm von Breslau, a mystic who expressed his philosophy in simple verse, and who clearly recognized that even "*his creator*" must disappear simultaneously with the destruction of his *mind*, if death means annihilation. This portentous conclusion is expressed by him in the following artless rhyme which, nevertheless, is a masterpiece of incontrovertible logic:

“Ich weiss dass ohne *mich* Gott
nicht ein Nu kann leben,
Werd’ *ich* zu Nicht er muss sogleich
den Geist aufgeben.”*

It inexorably follows that, if what we term “death” completely terminates the existence of an individual, viz., extinguishes the *mind*, the world will disappear too, including all the gods and demons which ever haunted a distorted imagination—as *far as the individual in question is concerned*. If the mind of *another* individual *continues* to exist, its world, as a matter of course, will *also continue*, until finally, with the disappearance of the last consciousness, the last *world* will disappear.

Schopenhauer, who, more clearly than any other Western philosopher, has expressed this supreme truth, says:

“There are many who, in the innocence of their hearts, imagine that, after the pulp stored up beneath their addle-pates is

*The literal translation of this is:

“I know that, without *me*, God cannot live a moment, Should *I* cease to exist, *He also* must give up the ghost”.

destroyed, the sun will continue to shine as usual, and the moon and the stars will be there as before, and people will continue running on their fool's errands as clumsily as ever. But stop and think a moment! In order to be able to *realize* these things it would be necessary for our addle-pates to *put themselves back into this "world"*, and see with eyes which no longer exist, and hear with ears or feel with hands that are of the vanished past."

But, leaving the addle-headed element out of consideration, there are not a few advanced reasoners who, while admitting the force of the maxim that "An object implies a subject", yet imagine that because an object is beheld by several people at the *same time* and in the *same place* it must, therefore, have an independent existence. They are apt to forget, however, that the minds of most human beings are practically on the same level, being constituted, as it were, after the same pattern, and that there is the closest interrelation-

ship—by virtue of descent and mode of living—even between the more heterogeneous elements of the human race. Besides, are we not constantly moulding and shaping the mind of the rising generation in conformity with our *own*—*i. e.*, endeavoring to make others behold things as *we* see them? What else is education than a process of trying to bring about in others a condition of mind similar to that of our own? In proportion as I succeed in causing another individual to see things from the same standpoint, or in the same light in which I behold them, in that proportion will his *world* become the same as mine.

Now, while it is clear that the worlds of no two individuals can be *precisely* alike—for the simple reason that no two *minds* are ever the same—it is obvious that some of the more commonplace of our conceptions, by dint of heredity (if for no other reason), must be practically universal, as far as the human race is concerned. Among these are the thought-pictures which make

up the ordinary *normal world* of the average individual. These thought-pictures, which present themselves to us as material objects, are practically alike in the great majority of individuals, so that what *I*, for instance, am accustomed to call a "stone" would be called by a like term all over the world. It is only when we come to describe these objects very closely that we discover—to our own amazement—that the stone *we* behold is *not* the stone seen by another, and if ten million pairs of eyes were apparently gazing upon the self-same "object", there would be ten million "objects".

Take an ordinary farmer and an artist (painter) into a forest, and let them describe what they see around them. The result would be a revelation to many shallow reasoners and "students" of occultism who now insist upon making themselves ridiculous by delivering oracular opinions on subjects which they have never philosophically investigated. The farmer would

see things to which the artist is absolutely blind, whereas the artist would be impressed with objects of which the farmer never dreams; they would, in fact, behold two essentially different worlds, because their minds are not the same.

That which I do not see and of which I do not dream, *i.e.*, that which is altogether beyond my perception, *does not exist*—as far as *I* am concerned. If another individual points it out to me, then he alters my *mind*, and therefore my *world*.

Or take a ploughboy into a botanical garden and let him see an interesting assortment of strange plants and flowers. He will gaze upon them as he would upon vacancy, for, to him, a plant is simply a "plant", and a flower a "flower"; moreover he is accustomed to call everything in the line of vegetation "weeds", if it has no immediate bearing on agriculture. Now take a flower and explain to that boy all about its wonderful structure, about the anthers and pistil, about the ovaries, about

the meaning of the petals, and the wonderful relations between insects and flowers. Teach him that the plant produces the flower for no other purpose than to attract the insect, in order to make a tool of it in effecting cross-fertilization. What is the result? Why, *you have altered that boy's mind*, and he now sees a thousand things of which he did not dream before—which to him did not exist.

On this fundamental truth rests the power of persuasion, of example and precept, and the thousand and one influences which now determine our conduct. If we effect a change in another individual's *mind*, we produce a corresponding change in his *world*.

To all intents and purposes, as far as our everyday life is concerned, the objects which apparently surround us, and which constitute our "world", are as real as if they actually existed. We live on a "plane of matter"; that is to say, our condition of mind is such that we cannot effect a

radical change in our surroundings without a supreme effort. Our "occult" critic of the November *Arena* finds it unpardonable in Coomra Sami that he uses the words, *food, clothes, shelter, palm-leaves*, etc., and proclaims that, instead of saying, "A teacupful of boiled rice, with a little salt, is all that we need in the line of food", Coomra Sami ought to have expressed himself as follows: "An illusion full of boiled cereal fantasy, with a little epiphany (*sic!*) as an imaginary condiment, with which to fool our supposed sense of taste, is all we need in the line of gustatory deception."

Coomra Sami, being endowed with a rational mind, and being, moreover, one of the profoundest of reasoners, would be the last person in the world to resort to such absurd and preposterous circumlocution, but would speak of rice, salt, and food as if these things had a positive existence. How, otherwise, could he communicate his thoughts to those who are still groveling in the mire of crudest materialism?

But it is in his attempt to explain the "real philosophy" of the Mystic Brotherhood that our benevolent critic is, unwittingly, most comical, and his assertive dogmatism is surpassingly naive. According to this occult paragon of twenty years' standing, the *mahatmas* are the rankest materialists, for not only do they hold that "matter exists everywhere", but that "the *spirit* of an individual is as truly a *material* organism as the physical body which envelops it". Thus they are not even dualists, or believers in *two* eternal principles (mind and matter); on the contrary, they are *dead sure* that mind is only a modification of matter, i. e., "spiritual matter", and that the only difference between these two kinds of substance is the "*degree of fineness*".

Dear old *mahatmas*! Rare old initiates of the Inner Temple! So you have not yet advanced beyond *these* antideluvian conceptions, and *this* is the extent of your wisdom? No wonder you surrounded your-

selves with an air of mystery, and kept in hiding through all these centuries! So wonderful a revelation was indeed worth preserving as a sort of family secret; it would have been a pity if it had been allowed to leak out at any earlier date than the present!

The degree of fineness—so our “student of occultism” announces—determines the difference between mind and matter. In other words, if we can grind down material particles to a sufficient degree of minuteness we arrive at the phenomenon of *mind*! This is only a more illogical presentation of the doctrine of modern materialism, viz., that mind is the result of certain atomic or molecular groupings of matter. There is a certain amount of plausibility in the argument that a favorable combination of individual particles may produce “life”, but there is no sense whatever in the dictum that mind is simply matter reduced to a condition of *greater fineness*. Not even the most fanatical follower of the school of

Buechner and Moleschott would endorse such rubbish.

Our initiate's argument based on the gallon measure "filled to the brim with marbles of the ordinary size" is peculiarly irrelevant and clumsy. In order to show how far the divisibility or fineness of matter may be carried, he tells us that we may pour shot grains into the interstices between the marbles, and between these again white sand grains, without making the gallon measure run over. Then we may pour in a pint of water, which will find its way into the still smaller interstices between the sand grains, and this water again will hold a quantity of alcohol, without increase of its bulk. After that comes the turn of electricity, and *now* we have reached the "borderland of the spiritual universe".

Have we really? What about the interstices between the still finer substances which are *now* brought into requisition? Our critic asserts that even spirit is "material in the most exact and literal meaning

of that word". There are no limits to the possibilities of minuteness, for even the smallest imaginable interstice is *infinitely large* compared with *no interstice*; thus there must follow an infinite series of substances, each finer than the previous one, but each furnishing *new interstices*. At this point the absurdity of the gallon-measure argument becomes plain to all but the dullest.

What is matter, anyhow? No scientist has ever been able to define it. Looked at from the standpoint of Western Science it is the profoundest of all mysteries, and the atomic hypothesis does not offer the faintest ray of light. Can you imagine a particle of substance so small that it cannot be divided once more? Here again we are confronted with the self-evident truth that there is no limit to the possibilities of minuteness, and it can be easily shown that the atom of science is an illusion. Mr. John A. Kersey has demonstrated this more clearly, perhaps, than any other

modern reasoner, in his essay entitled "Ancient Philosophy in Modern Attire";* and the very fact of our inability to *define* matter is, in itself, a proof that matter has no positive existence.

But the moment we look upon the so-called "physical universe" as a *product of mind* the great riddle is solved, and we behold order and symmetry where all before was chaos and confusion. "Look within your own self" is the lesson of the Upanishads; and no amount of materialistic research will unravel the world-mystery. The thirty-three active living masters of the Inner Temple may keep on grinding particles till their coffee-mills are out of joint, but they will not produce spirit. Let them—*pour l'amour de Dieu*—reduce their own mind-substance to a somewhat finer degree of tenuity, for they seem to need it very badly.

"*Mind is the only reality*" has been the

*See "Ethics of Literature" – pp. 143-146 –, by John. A. Kersey. Marion, Ind., 1894 –E. L. Goldthwaite & Co.–.

conclusion of the wisest of all times, and this is also the verdict of the highest *Western* philosophy. There are, of course, materialists and dualists even in India, from the "Curumbars" down to the degraded sect of the Jains, whose rude dualistic conceptions are the laughing-stock of enlightened Brahminism; but they form an insignificant minority.

Mind is eternal and indestructible. It produces its own world—its own joy and its own sorrow; its own Elysium and its own Tartarus. Idealism is pantheism, and in pantheism is contained the solution of all mysteries. It is the only rational philosophy. Says Omar Khayyam, the famous Persian sage, in his "Rubaiyat":

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell:
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, I myself am heav'n and hell."

Among the myriads of individuals who constitute the human family all degrees of intellectuality are represented, from that

of the Australian savage to that of Coomra Sami. There is no such thing as an "equality of endowment", yet all may rise to ever greater heights of self-consciousness. Knowledge constitutes the only kind of wealth worth possessing, for everything else is transitory and illusive. He who aspires to the higher enlightenment is freed from the "pain of being" viz., (the disappointment springing from the thralldom of a world which is deceptive and unreal) in proportion as he approaches his glorious goal. This is recognized by the Hindoo ascetic, who retires into solitude in order to be better able to seek that light which (his reflection has taught him) cannot be obtained from any other source.

And here I will conclude this *Plea for Pantheism* with the following lines from the "Song Celestial", given at the end of Krishna's discourse in chapter viii.:

Richer than holy fruit on Vedas growing,
Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast
Such *Wisdom* is! The Yogi, this way knowing,
Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace *at last*.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF INDIA.

BY A MEMBER OF THE ORDER

In the April number of *The Arena*, at pages 161 to 175*, both inclusive, appears an article by Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., entitled "A Plea for Pantheism". The article referred to was evidently inspired by an article entitled "The Brotherhood of India" which appeared in the November number of *The Arena*, and for which the writer of the present article is responsible.

In my former article, to which the reader is respectfully referred, there are certain declarations of fact and principle, which—although presented in the spirit of fraternal kindness, and couched in terms of respectful consideration—seem to have been construed by Mr. Hensoldt, most unhappily, as an offense of such magnitude as to warrant him in converting what should have been

*See pages 87 to 126 of this volume.

a cordial, courteous, and honest consideration of a most worthy and interesting subject, into an exhibition of ill-temper, chagrin and ridicule.

It is to be deeply regretted that in this day and age of reason there may still occasionally be found a man of recognized merit in the field of science and letters who so lacks that courtesy of manner and graciousness of expression which alone can temper and make educational, or even inviting, a public discussion of scientific or philosophic questions.

It would seem that anger and ridicule should have no place in a discussion between men who claim to be sincere, and to have in view an ambition no less worthy than the establishment of truth. To enter into a public consideration of a philosophy which borders upon the Infinite, and holds within itself every interest of human life, only to mar it with personalities, is alone sufficient to suggest to the mind of the careful student, a serious lack of familiarity

with the principles of the philosophy itself. The deep significance of the subject under consideration, alone—to say nothing of the deference which every writer owes to the accepted rules of literary ethics—would prevent the author of this article from replying to mere evidences of chagrin and confusion, further than to express sincere regret that his good intentions have borne no fairer fruit.

All that portion of "A Plea for Pantheism", therefore, which indicates only the personality of its author and his unhappy frame of mind, will be passed by without further comment, and only the lesser (but more important) portion of his article which may be deemed to have any bearing upon the subject under consideration, will be considered.

Before proceeding, however, to a consideration of the subject in chief, it would seem proper, at this point, to call the reader's attention to the opening or introductory paragraph of my former article,

in which reference is made to the authority of the writer to speak upon the subject under discussion; and to the closing paragraph of the same article in which "The Brotherhood of India" is referred to as a *bona fide* and definite organization."

Mr. Hensoldt, quite unmindful of the real question at issue, viz., "*Is there such a thing as matter?*" takes occasion to say at page 162* of his article, "*There is no such thing as a 'Brotherhood of India'*" and a little further on, "Neither at the present day nor at any previous period did there exist an organization of *any kind whatsoever.*"

For the purpose of giving the reader a general idea of the real value of such an assertion, coming from a man who does not claim to have been more than a mere traveler sojourning for a time in India, it may be valuable to note that the compiled statistics of 1891 disclose the fact that at that time British and Native India covered

*See page 91 of this volume.

an area of about 1,600,000 square miles of territory, much of which it will be admitted is exceedingly mountainous, with a population of more than 286,000,000, of which about 61,000,000 are under control of native princes. It is also a matter of general report that the civilization of this remarkable country dates back several thousand years before the Christian era.

In view of the foregoing data, and with Mr. Hensoldt's unqualified assertions in mind, it would be interesting to know from what particular point of observation he has been able to examine, with such unerring precision, so vast a region of country; and through what channels of acquaintanceship he has come into sufficient personal relations with more than 286,000,000 of people to be warranted in asserting as a fact that among all their number "There is no such thing as a Brotherhood of India."

It would be still more interesting to know something of the subtle and insidious process by which, from the standpoint of

this nineteenth century, he has acquired that character of definite knowledge which warrants him in deliberately asserting as a fact that "*Neither at the present day nor at any previous period did there exist an organization of any kind whatsoever.*"

Taking it for granted that the learned doctor is possessed of extraordinary knowledge concerning India's vast territory, population and literature, yet the reader may understand that an organization composed of occult students might easily evade his inquiries and investigations; especially since it must be remembered that the Brotherhood is a secret order, closely guarded, and open only to such as are selected by the Initiates, and is inaccessible to all others, so far as its inner workings are concerned.

Since Mr. Hensoldt admits there are adepts, he would not question their ability to guard their personality, plans, and purposes, as well as their local habitation, from the people in general or curious travelers in particular.

The writer, in a former article, without intending to offend, and with no thought of invoking a controversy, stated that the Brotherhood of India is a *bona fide* and definite organization. If asked how he knows this to be a fact, he could only answer that he is now, and ever since the autumn of 1883 has been, a member of that Order.

If asked how he knows there is a Masonic Fraternity, he could give no more convincing answer to the world outside than that he is now, and ever since the year 1874 has been, a member of that Fraternity. His knowledge of the one is identical in character with his knowledge of the other. And yet, to the uninitiated his word may not be accepted as sufficient to establish either as a fact. He can only submit his testimony for what it is worth.

In this connection, however, it may be of interest to the reader to know that so eminent and respected an authority as Mr. Rhys-Davids, from a purely exoteric

standpoint, in speaking of the possibility of spiritual self-development, finds it necessary to say: "So far as I am aware, no instance is recorded of any one, not either a *member of the order* or a Brahmin ascetic, acquiring these powers," thus recognizing the Order as a fact.

Other authorities have spoken with assurance upon the subject, fully corroborating the writer's statement; but, after all, their testimony must be weighed by the world only for what it is worth to each individual inquirer.

If Mr. Hensoldt were asked how he knows there is such a school as Columbia College, he would probably say, because he has been a member of its faculty and has had such experiences of a personal nature as to convince any man of its existence; and the world would be inclined to believe him.

If asked by what authority he attaches "Ph. D." to his name, he would probably say, because he had taken that degree in a regular college authorized to confer the

same; and while there may be some who doubt his word, they could not do so without doubting his integrity.

The writer understands that doubts have been expressed as to the existence of any such man as "Coomra Sami", and that similar doubts have been expressed as to whether Mr. Hensoldt was ever really in India; and upon either of these questions, his simple assertion is the only evidence before the world. If called upon to prove his assertions it is possible that he might find it no easy task.

The original proposition which constituted the basis of this discussion was the reported assertion of "Coomra Sami" that "There *is* no such thing as matter". It will be remembered that the points the writer endeavored to bring out in his former article, suggesting the inconsistency of such a philosophy, were three in number and, briefly stated in their order, were as follows; viz:

1. The very words employed by the

Hindoo to express his thoughts are in themselves a palpable contradiction of the philosophy which Mr. Hensoldt's article would teach. That is to say, in using the words, rice, clothes, hand, eye, ear, brain, heart, cattle, horses, trees, stones, etc., "Coomra Sami" virtually admits the existence of the *objects* or *things* which these names represent. To this point the doctor at page 172* of his last article replies, that, "Coomra Sami, being endowed with a rational mind.....would speak of rice, salt and food, as if these things had a positive existence," etc.

This may be very satisfactory to Mr. Hensoldt, but, with due deference to his conception of a "rational mind", it entirely misses the point. The question to be answered is not how or in what manner "Coomra Sami" would speak of these things, but *why* he should speak of them *at all* if they do not exist.

Furthermore, it will be observed that

*See page 119 of this volume.

Mr. Hensoldt, in speaking of "Coomra Sami", says, he "would speak of salt, rice and food, as if these *things* had a positive existence." It would be interesting to know to what "things" the learned doctor refers.

2. To become an adept one must first learn that "There *is* no such thing as matter". "Coomra Sami" is reported to be a high-grade adept. Therefore, to him "there *is* no such thing as matter". But, for all this, we find him eating rice, wearing clothes, etc., which *things* he admits are necessary even to a high-grade adept.

But what are rice, clothes, etc.? They are either matter or delusions. If matter, they disprove the delusion theory; if delusions, then by his own confession the Hindoo stands convicted of eating delusions, wearing delusions, etc.

Not only this; he admits that these delusions are sufficiently substantial in their nature and of so much importance in his physical economy that after reducing his

wants to a minimum, he still finds them necessary to sustain physical life.

"Coomra Sami" is made to say in effect that there *is* no such thing as rice; but if that be true, why does he find rice necessary to sustain life, and why does he continue to eat it? If there is no such thing as clothes, why does he continue to wear them? If bamboo sticks and palm-leaves do not exist, why does he, in the exercise of a "rational mind", take the trouble and pains to weave them together into a shelter?

If this high-grade adept finds it necessary to eat things which do not exist, wear things which never have existed, and indulge himself in other things which in the nature of things never could have existed, there must be an extraordinary reason for his remarkable actions, and "being endowed with a rational mind" he should have little difficulty in giving a "rational" explanation of his conduct.

Mr. Hensoldt, however, has gracefully avoided all reference to this matter, and

utterly failed to help his patron philosopher out of his dilemma.

3. As cumulative evidence that "There is no such thing as matter", the distinguished doctor, at page 378* of his August article, narrates an interesting personal experience with "Coomra Sami". He asks the Hindoo this question: "Do you really mean to say that these eternal hills and the fertile plains beyond have no existence, except in my own mind?"

After giving him a singular look and waving his hand, "Coomra Sami" replies, "These eternal hills, where are they now?" Proceeding with his narrative the doctor then says: "And as I turned my gaze from the adept's eyes in the direction of the snow-clad Himalayas I was amazed to find myself gazing into vacancy; the eternal hills and fertile plains had vanished into thin air, and nothing was before me but a vast expanse of space; even the solid rock beneath our feet seemed to have disap-

*See page 55 of this volume.

peared, although I felt as if treading upon invisible ground. The sensation was wierd in the extreme, and the illusion lasted fully eight or ten minutes, when suddenly the outlines of the hills came faintly to view again, and before many seconds the landscape had risen to its former reality."

In my former article attention was called to this very interesting episode and to the significant fact that Mr. Hensoldt says, "The illusion lasted fully eight or ten minutes" from which it was inferred that at the time of preparing his August article he had not accepted "Coomra Sami's" philosophy that "There *is* no such thing as matter." This inference would seem to be justified by the fact that he speaks of the *disappearance* of the eternal hills as an *illusion*, and of their *reappearance* as a *reality*. But this is quite the reverse of what the Hindoo was endeavoring to teach him.

Had he really believed at the time of preparing his former article, that matter

is only a delusion, he would naturally have reversed the order of his terms and said, "The reality lasted fully eight or ten minutes," and "before many seconds the landscape had risen to its former illusion", or words to that effect.

But from the vigorous tone of his "Plea for Pantheism" it appears that since the date of his August article his mind has undergone a radical change upon the subject, for at page 174* of his April article he says, 'Mind is the only reality' has been the conclusion of the wisest of all times, and this is also the verdict of the highest Western philosophy".

Whatever may have been his opinion, however, it is of little significance as compared with a proper interpretation of the meaning of his experience with Coomra Sami and the eternal hills; for, assuming that he has given a truthful account of this interesting but not unusual episode, his testimony is especially valuable in that

*See page 124 of this volume.

it seems to establish two very important facts, viz., (1) that Coomra Sami is a hypnotist of no mean ability, and (2) that Mr. Hensoldt is a remarkably susceptible subject of hypnotic influence.

These are facts not to be questioned by those who know anything of hypnotism or who have witnessed the physical manifestations of its influence or observed the operation of a hypnotist in the act of obtaining control of his subject.

In this connection it will be observed that "Coomra Sami" gave Mr. Hensoldt a singular look, which is precisely what any other hypnotist would have done to catch the attention of his subject; and waving his hand, an act which is quite familiar to every person who has witnessed exhibitions of hypnotic control; and then realizing that he had the mastery of his subject's mind, he said "These eternal hills, where are they now?" in such manner as to suggest to his subject's mind the thought that the eternal hills had disappeared.

All this time the adept's eyes were fastened upon his subject—in strict conformity with the practices of our Western hypnotists—for Mr. Hensoldt says, “and as I turned my gaze from the adept's eyes”; and true to his master's suggestion the hills had gone, for he says, “I was amazed to find myself gazing into vacancy”. This is indeed a vivid picture of the external process by which a professional hypnotist obtains control of his subject's mind.

Turning now to the impressions which the hypnotic influence made on himself, Mr. Hensoldt says: “I felt as if treading some invisible ground; the sensation was wierd in the extreme”. This corresponds identically with the testimony of other hypnotic subjects, and is doubtless as fair an expression of the sensation as could well be put into words.

Then, after the Hindoo had amused himself sufficiently, he naturally withdrew his influence, and “before many seconds the landscape had risen to its former reality”

All of which was a perfectly proper thing on the part of the landscape.

As stated in my former article, this incident is offered by Mr. Hensoldt as evidence to demonstrate that "There *is* no such thing as matter", but most unfortunately for the learned doctor, it only proves that "Coomra Sami" is a successful hypnotist and appreciates a good subject.

It will be observed that in his last article the genial doctor has omitted all reference to the foregoing incident of his experience, as well as to my remarks upon the same. It therefore appears that of the three principal points suggested in my former article, he has evaded the first and ignored the other two. The purpose of calling attention to these points a second time is to remind the good doctor that his abilities as an artful dodger are fully appreciated.

Having thus far shown that the arguments of my former article yet remain unanswered, the reader is now asked briefly to consider the additional remarks of Mr.

Hensoldt upon the subject of matter, as they appear in his "Plea for Pantheism"; and lest he may again be tempted to lose sight of the subject under discussion, and expend his best energies in abusing his critic, these supplemental suggestions will be numbered in their order, commencing with:

4. At pages 167 and 168* of his last article, he says, "One of the greatest triumphs of the human mind, and beyond comparison the most important step hitherto taken towards the solution of the world-enigma, was the discovery that *an object implies a subject*; i. e., that any given object, for instance a tree, cannot by any possible stretch of imagination, be said to exist unless there be at the same time an eye to see or a hand to touch it—in other words, a mind to conceive it."

The real significance of this remarkable "discovery" may be better understood when the fact is pointed out that by and through

*See page 106 of this volume.

it *man discovered his own existence*. This fact does not appear upon the surface, but doubtless will become apparent a little later on:

It was one fine morning within that dim and distant past that a philosopher of "far-off Hindoostan" went forth into the forest to philosophize and "ponder over life's riddle" and solve, if possible, the "world-enigma". He saw a tree, and forthwith he proceeded to philosophize and "ponder over life's riddle", and this is the manner of his reasoning:

"I see a tree. Now, as between the tree and myself, the tree is the object, because it is the thing I see; and I am the subject, because it is I who do the seeing. Inasmuch as I can see the tree, it follows that *I am*, for how could I see the tree if I were *not*? This *settles* it. *I am*, and therefore I have discovered myself.

But let me reason a little further: Other people see trees also; therefore, other people *are, too*. Eureka! I have dis-

covered myself, and in so doing, have incidentally *discovered the human race*.

"Moreover, I find that the tree could not have been seen by me if I had not *been*. In other words, an object cannot be seen by a subject if there is no subject, for that which does not exist cannot see. I am therefore able to lay it down as a general principle for the benefit of those who may live after me, that *an object implies a subject*.

"It is somewhat remarkable, however, that in all this reasoning I am unable to find any evidence that the *tree* has any existence. To be sure, the tree is the object, and I had to have it as a starting-point and basis of my entire chain of reasoning.

Moreover, I do not know how I should be able to see or think or reason at all without something to see or think about or reason upon; nevertheless, since I am unable to reason out an existence for the *tree*, I am led to conclude that, as a matter of fact, there is no tree. It is simply a

delusion. It therefore follows that an object has no existence in fact. Ergo, '*There is no such thing as matter*', and '*mind is the only reality*'. This leads me back again to the great fundamental principle, that an object implies a subject, and I might add, the subject denies the object''.

A CARTESIAN BEAR

At this juncture, while the philosopher is writing out his conclusions on a dried palm-leaf, to be transcribed as a supplement to the Vedas, a bear steps out from behind the tree. The noble philosopher, fully satisfied that he has successfully reasoned matter quite out of existence, says to himself: "I will now try this new philosophy on the bear, and see if it works as nicely on him as it did on the tree"; and then he begins:

"I see a bear. The bear is the object and I am the subject. Inasmuch as I see the bear, I am, and because the bear is seen by me, it follows that the bear is not;

for it has already been established that an object has no existence in fact; therefore the bear is only a very ugly and hairy delusion.

"But how shall I account for the fact that when the tree was between me and the bear I could not see the bear? If the tree and the bear are both delusions, then one delusion can hide behind another delusion, and this would seem to imply that a delusion may have density; i. e., the tree has sufficient density to conceal a bear behind it. But of course that has nothing to do with the bear. He is certainly a delusion in any event."

Meanwhile the bear, who received his degree in the school of necessity and practical common sense, has been thinking for himself as follows: "I see a hoary philosopher of Hindoostan. He seems to be an unsophisticated but very tempting object, and just at present I am a ravenously hungry subject. Now, inasmuch as I can see and smell the philosopher, I know that

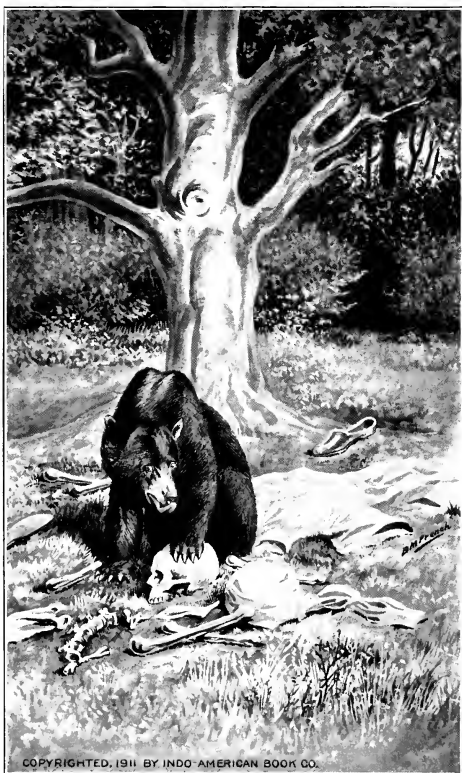
I am; and because the philosopher is seen and smelt of me I know that he is too, and it now becomes my painful duty to see which of us will be hereafter."

Thereupon Bruin bites the hoary philosopher in halves and devours him. After satisfying his appetite, he picks his teeth with a broken bone and "ponders over life's riddle," and this is his summary of the great problem:

"I am. The philosopher was. *I am!* The philosopher *is not!* If he had only been a sensible philosopher and brought his gun, he might still be. As it is, I conclude that I am the philosopher myself."

And as he shambles off behind the tree to wait for another philosopher of the Oriental school of theoretical wisdom, he chuckles to himself, and in a baritone voice remarks, "What fools these mortals be!"

It must be regretted that Bruin did not append another supplement to the Vedas. His practical philosophy would have been a great boon to humanity.



"I AM! THE PHILOSOPHER IS NOT."

5. At page 170* of his "Plea" the pungent doctor delivers himself of these words: "It inexorably follows, if what we term death completely terminates the existence of the individual, viz., extinguishes the *mind*, the world will disappear too,..... as far as the individual in question is concerned."

This remarkable deduction deserves more than passing consideration. Briefly stated, the proposition is as follows, viz., "If death extinguishes the mind, the world will disappear as far as that particular mind is concerned."

It will be observed that the premise of this interesting proposition is the hypothesis, "If death extinguishes the mind."

But at page 174† of his last article Mr. Hensoldt makes the unqualified statement that "*Mind is eternal and indestructible.*" And the writer is inclined to believe he is correct. Since mind is eternal and indestructible, however, and Mr. Hensoldt

*See page 113 of this volume. †See page 125.

is aware of that fact, wherein is there any room for his assumption that it may be *extinguished*'!

A proper syllogism upon this subject would be something like this: "Mind is eternal and indestructible. A thing that is eternal and indestructible cannot be extinguished. Therefore, *mind cannot be extinguished*". In this event the hypothesis that mind may be extinguished is a false premise; and if a premise is false, who is there rash enough to vouch for the truth of any conclusion based upon it? Since "mind is eternal and indestructible" we must accept it as a *fact*, and all our reasoning upon it must be upon the basis of its existence and not upon the possibility of its extinguishment.

It is safe to say that an extinguished mind is a commodity never heard of until "A Plea for Pantheism" appeared. Mind, in its most positive state of existence, is sufficient to elude the powers of the most learned. Not until men have been able

to analyze existing minds can we hope to deal with the "extinguished" ones.

But let us consider Mr. Hensoldt's hypothesis from another point of view. In substance he tells us that if death extinguishes the mind, the world will disappear as far as that particular mind is concerned. This is only another form of saying that a mind which does not exist cannot see the world. In other words, "A nonentity is blind." This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the learned doctor's wisdom. It only remains for him to write himself down as the "Supreme Grand Patron of the Oriental Order of Extinguished Minds" to complete his fame.

There is yet another point of observation from which to examine this very remarkable proposition: It would appear that, in order to reason matter out of existence, Mr. Hensoldt is first compelled to extinguish mind. But while mind exists it is forced to take cognizance of the existence of matter.

Properly appreciated, this only serves to emphasize the wonderful tenacity with which matter asserts its own existence. In truth, it is so persistent of existence that the learned doctor of philosophy cannot reason it out of existence without at the same time extinguishing himself.

Verily, matter is a stubborn fact.

6. We now come to the acme of Oriental wisdom, wherein, at page 174* of his "Plea", the acute doctor informs us that, "the very fact of our inability to *define* matter is, in itself, a proof that matter has no positive existence." This is indeed a new rule by which to determine the existence or non-existence of things. Now let us apply it to mind. In the next paragraph he tells us that "Mind is the only reality", that it is "eternal and indestructible."

Suppose we admit it. Then if his rule is correct, he should be able to define it. If so, will he kindly favor his readers with the definition?

*See page 124 of this volume.

If, however, he is not able to define it, what then? In that event, what becomes of mind? It is hoped that the learned doctor will rise to this emergency, and, by the rule he has invoked to annihilate *matter*, save us from the calamity which must befall *mind* in the event of his failure.

7. At page 171* Mr. Hensoldt tells us that "If ten million pairs of eyes were apparently gazing upon the self-same object, there would be ten million objects."

This philosophy, it must be admitted, possesses the merit of economy as well as novelty, and deserves to be recommended to the practical business world for its great utility. For illustration; A citizen of Boston desires to erect a brown-stone residence. He finds it both expensive and inconvenient to cut and transport ten thousand stones from a distant quarry. He therefore procures one stone at a cost of, say \$2.00 Then he invites the good citizens of Boston to come out and look at

*See page 116 of this volume.

this stone with their 10,000 "pairs of eyes", and instantly he has stones enough to complete his building. He procures a barrel of cement for \$3.75, and calls his friends to look at it, and his cement is multiplied accordingly. On this plan his materials for a residence ordinarily costing \$275,000 might easily be procured for about \$5.75. This is truly a practical philosophy

But let us state the proposition again: "If ten million pairs of eyes were apparently gazing upon the self-same object there would be ten million objects."

Now, that being settled, will Mr. Hensoldt kindly tell us how many eyes there would be? Also whether these eyes are realities or delusions? These are important questions, and should not be evaded nor ignored.

Moreover, if a stone is merely an idea and nothing more, why does this doctor of philosophy find it necessary to have even one stone for his "million pairs of eyes" to "gaze upon"? Why not have those

million minds think of a stone? Or, to serve the interests of economy, why not have one mind think of the entire million? The result would certainly be the same, if objects are truly nothing more than mental concepts.

If physical objects are only concepts of the mind, how easily every poor, hungry, suffering tramp in the country might provide himself a mansion and surround himself with all the comforts and luxuries of life.

But, alas! the most vivid concept is insufficient to sustain physical life or banish the bitter blasts of winter. Even a "Coomra Sami" must eat rice or die, and must wear clothes and find shelter, 'neath bamboo-sticks and palm leaves, or suffer.

8. At page 171*, Mr. Hensoldt says: "Take a plowboy into a botanical garden and let him see an interesting assortment of strange plants and flowers. He will gaze upon them as he would upon vacancy; for, to

*See page 117 of this volume.

him, a plant is simply a 'plant' and a flower a 'flower'".

"Now take a flower and explain to that boy all about its wonderful structure, about the anthers and pistils, about the ovaries, about the meaning of the petals, and the wonderful relations between insects and flowers. Teach him that the plant produces the flower for no other purpose than to attract the insect, in order to make a tool of it in effecting cross-fertilization. What is the result? Why, *you have altered that boy's mind*, and he now sees a thousand things of which he did not dream before—which to him did not exist."

Not so! He sees the same flower as before, but he thinks of all these other things. He does not see the insect nor the process of cross-fertilization. He only thinks he sees them. He does not see the plant produce the flower. He simply thinks of that fact while he sees the flower. He does not *know* that "the plant produces the flower for no other purpose than to attract

the insect"; nor does Mr. Hensoldt, for that matter. He only thinks so.

Suppose the boy were blind. He might still be taught all these things, and occupy his mind in thinking of them, but he would never see the flower. And yet, it is safe to say, he would exchange all this knowledge for just one look upon the beauties of physical nature.

To follow the eminent doctor through his mystic maze of theoretical inconsistencies would require much more space than the merit of his logic deserves.

The way was left open for him to have disarmed his critic by a single sentence, and it was fully expected he would do so. Had he understood the true meaning of Oriental philosophy, he would have readily observed that "Coomra Sami", in asserting that "there is no such thing as matter", did not intend that his words should be subject to a literal construction.

It is probable in whatever terms the Hindoo expressed his thoughts, he intended

to convey the idea that physical bodies and organisms are but an expression of spiritual forces in terms of physical matter.

For illustration: The physical body of man is but the objective expression, in terms of physical matter, of those higher spiritual forces which are back of it.

A man is accustomed to say "my hand, my heart, my head, my body", in such manner as clearly to indicate that he does not consider either or all of them combined as constituting himself. He is something separate and apart from his physical body.

In other words, the soul, the ego, the mind, is something different from and above the plane of physical matter, and constitutes what we are wont to term the "real man". Had Mr. Hensoldt placed such a construction upon the words of "Coomra Sami", instead of measuring them by their literal significance, he would doubtless have more fairly represented his instructor's intentions.

Matter may also, in another sense, be

very properly spoken of as illusory; viz., it is forever changing its form and constantly entering into new combinations. The bones and tissues of the human body are composed of elements which may have been gathered from every quarter of the globe. When dissolution occurs these elements are disintegrated, scattered, and formed and reformed into other and different combinations.

That which constitutes an integral part of the human heart today may perchance, in other years, have had a place in the heart of an oak or the petal of a rose. A particle of gray matter which today is doing service in the brain of a doctor of philosophy, may one hundred years hence be serving a tadpole in the same capacity.

And thus, in the sense of its transitory nature, matter may very properly be termed *illusory*. But this does not mean *non est*.

My former article was written under the impression that Mr. Hensoldt, having in mind a correct understanding of Oriental Philosophy, had unwittingly clothed his

thoughts in such language as to convey a literal meaning contrary to his intentions, and it was sincerely hoped that he would avail himself of the opportunity afforded to justify that impression and set himself right with his readers. His failure to do so, with the door wide open before him, must be a source of regret to those who have hitherto followed his writings in a spirit of respectful consideration.

In conclusion: It will be remembered that my former article was strictly confined to a discussion of the subject of *matter*. To verify this fact the reader is respectfully referred to the article itself, and asked to examine it carefully. In my exposition of the position of the Brotherhood upon this fundamental subject of matter, which will be found commencing at page 761* of the November *Arena*, it will be observed that the subject of mind is nowhere alluded to. And yet, at page 173† of his "Plea for Pantheism", Mr. Hensoldt says, "The de-

*See page 71 of this volume. †See page 121.

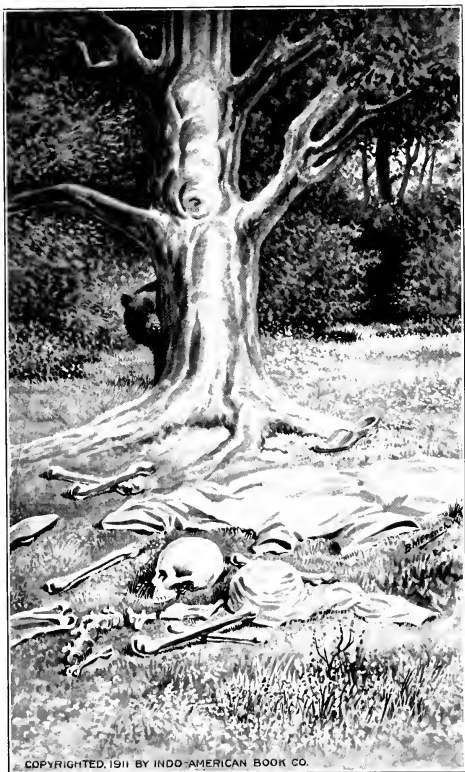
gree of fineness—so our Student of Occultism announces—determines the difference between mind and matter.”

If Mr. Hensoldt, with the words of his critic in bold, clear type before him, can find it possible in the exercise of a “rational mind” so grievously to misstate the facts, what may we not infer concerning his treatment of “Coomra Sami’s” philosophy; where, as is also remembered, he has quoted the Hindoo by the page, entirely from memory, months after the words were uttered.

Thus far the writer has not entered upon a discussion of *mind*, for the reason that *matter*, was the subject under consideration. He would add, after extending the hand of fraternal good-fellowship in taking leave of the genial doctor, that if time and opportunity permit, it is his hope to publish a work upon “The Philosophy of Life” which it is believed will be of service to those who are seeking for a practical self-development as taught by *The Brotherhood of India*.

EDITOR'S NOTE

To the foregoing Mr. Hensoldt never responded. And thus abruptly ended a discussion which, had it continued in proper spirit, might have developed and corrected many of our Western Misconceptions of Oriental Philosophy and the Wisdom of the Masters.



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"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

POSTLUDE

BY J. D. BUCK, M. D.

With the present range of thought, the wonderful advancement of science, the discoveries in nature's finer forces, and the advent of the older philosophies in the West, the incidents that gave rise to the foregoing pages are already *ancient history*.

It is a decade and a half since I first read in *The Arena*, of Boston, the Hensoldt articles, beginning in December 1893 and ending with "A Plea for Pantheism" in the April number, 1895.

I was at first both amazed and delighted that a German "Doctor of Philosophy" could be so hospitable toward "Hindoo Magic", the "Adepts of Serinagur" and the "Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins". "The Fate of Major Rogers", rather staggered my credulity, but in view of the claim of a number of years and extensive travels

devoted to the exploration of mountain fastnesses and study with Indian Sages, I withheld judgment.

So also with some of the experiences recorded with "Coomra Sami", in demonstration of the familiar slogans "Matter is Maya": "Beware of the Illusions of Matter," etc.

While the series of papers was running in *The Arena*, I think in the winter of 1894, I wrote to Dr. Hensoldt—in care of *The Arena*—for his terms for a lecture in Cincinnati. On receiving reply I accepted his terms naming a date over two weeks distant, and offered the hospitality of my home for the occasion. Within three days, (to my surprise) he arrived in Cincinnati and came at once to my home, and was my guest for two weeks.

I had anticipated the opportunity for conversation and much information of the Eastern world and its teachers during his visit, but every day of his sojourn he spent in his room with closed doors, evidently

busy in writing. Among a lot of my old books, I had a copy of Abbe Huc's "Journeys", and "The Mission of George Bogle to Thibet" and "The Journey of Thomas Manning to Lhasa", published in London in 1879.

On showing these books to Dr. Hensoldt he took possession of them during his visit, and I could not resist the suspicion that he was writing further "Travels in the far East".

I secured him a fine audience for his public lecture which seemed quite commonplace in view of his wonderful personal experiences, and the oft repeated statement in *The Arena* that none of these things was covered by the pledge of secrecy. Hospitality, however, made me conceal my disappointment.

Following his public lecture he was invited by the "Pharmaceutical Society" to give them a lecture on "The Adepts of India" which he accepted. "Now", I thought, "the oracle *must* speak".

The audience was composed largely of practical scientists, chemists and professors from the University of Cincinnati.

Imagine, if you can, my amazement and chagrin, after briefly introducing him as the author of *The Arena* articles, and naming his subject as proposed and accepted by him—"The Adepts of India"—when without a word of explanation he proceeded to give a lecture on "Meteors".

When asked to explain myself after the lecture (which was commonplace to most of his audience) I could only throw up my hands and refer to *The Arena* articles.

I met Mr. Hensoldt again in Cincinnati about seven or eight years ago, under peculiar circumstances, and at the time knew of the matters referred to by the author of these pages regarding "educators in Columbia University and Syracuse": but let these go as unimportant events in this "ancient history".

Facts in nature; the science that classifies them; and the philosophy which appre-

hends and explains them, pertain to living truths, and so far as complete, are the same yesterday, today and forever.

Hensoldt's articles in *The Arena* brought out a response—"The Brotherhood of India" to which Hensoldt replied in April, 1895, in "A Plea for Pantheism": and another, on the "Brotherhood of India", by the previous author in August, 1895, to which Hensoldt never replied.

Recently, while in Chicago, I was shown a copy of these two articles on "The Brotherhood of India", by their author, reviewing the incidents above recorded, and I urged very earnestly that they be placed accessible to present students.

The sources from which Hensoldt derived the warp and woof of the Fairy Tales on which he embroidered the figure of his hero, Coomra Sami, are not at all difficult to determine.

The students of Natural Science, and the readers of "*The Great Work*" will be quick to discover that Ethics was left entirely

out of account in Hensoldt's articles, from first to last.

Processes of thought, mental concepts, and the gymnastics of "introspection", were everything. The "Living of a Life" was entirely ignored.

The result was, that when it came to a test of actual knowledge, derived from experience, Hensoldt revealed only superficiality, played "Sergeant Buzfuz" and quit.

Thrown upon his own resources to uphold the "illusions of matter", he had recourse to Descartes. With extension and motion, and *Cogito* as his starting point, he made his "Plea for Pantheism", and to any student of the real philosophy of Old India, revealed his utter ignorance.

While *naming* Leibnitz, Spinoza and Descartes, he had digested none of their philosophies, while the *Parabrahm*, *Mulapra-krita*, *Fohat* and *Akasu* of the ancient Brahmins seemed entirely unknown to him.

The evidence in regard to all these deeper problems is entirely intrinsic.

It therefore follows, that the two articles on "The Brotherhood of India" are as pertinent today as when they were written, nearly sixteen years ago

Thousands of people, otherwise intelligent, are today repeating the slogan—"All is Mind: There is no such thing as Matter".

Failing entirely as to any rational concept, confusing consciousness as a *fact*, with thought as a process or a phenomenon, in imagining the utter illusion of "Matter" as a reality, they become hopelessly confused in the labyrinth of their own mental gymnastics.

For all of these, if they really desire "More Light", this book will be found a true illumination, an anchorage upon which they can rely, with an open sea and fair sailing when the storms of doubt and uncertainty are past.

That TK should have contacted the creator of *Coomra Sami* in the world of philosophy, and I on the commonplace of

everyday life, with such similar results and conclusions at the time, only serves to deepen the interest of both, I imagine, in the real problems involved, the criteria by which the works of man on any plane are to be measured, and confidence in the foundations of character in the realm of Truth and Eternal Light.

Fraternally,

J. D. Buck, M.D.

NOTE: Those who care to examine more critically the philosophical system of Descartes upon which the *Coomra Sami* artist so largely drew, may read, among many abstracts and outlines, Prof. Max Muller's Introduction to his translation of "Kant's Critique", and a small volume—"Descartes", by J. P. Mahaffy, M. A., (Lippincott, 1891).

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